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DECEMBER 1957

The Catholic Lamp

THAT ALL MAY BE ONE (25c)



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"Come, Blessed of My Father"

High on the list of great passages from Holy Scripture is the twenty-fifth chapter of our Lord's Gospel according to St. Matthew. There the Son of God describes what will happen on the last day when He shall return, in His Majesty, and escorted by all the Angels, to judge all nations from the throne of His Glory.

It will be a day of great confusion and personal shame for many, the day of wrath and mourning of which the funeral mass sings. But for the Blessed of God who will reign with Him forever, it will be the day of love's final and glorious triumph. To these Blessed Ones, whom the Angels will place on His Right Hand, the Lord of Life will say: "Come, . . . take possession of the Kingdom prepared for you . . . for I was hungry and you gave me to eat; I was thirsty and you gave me to drink; I was a stranger and you took me in; naked and you covered me; sick and you visited me."

To the members of His Mystical Body, these words of Christ do not seem strange. For we know that we are members of Christ, "Bone of His bones and flesh of His flesh," as St. Paul taught the first Christians. Blinded by the very Light of Christ, St. Paul was taught this great doctrine by Christ Himself on the road to Damascus.

After his conversion, St. Paul, Christ's great "vessel of election" traveled up and down

Asia Minor, beset by dangers everywhere, and to all he brought the glorious truth that Christ is in the faithful Christian and the faithful Christian is in Christ. Once this great truth is known and accepted, we can better understand the Words of Christ on the last day to the Citizens of His Kingdom, "Inasmuch as you did it to the least of these my Brethren, you did it to me."

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Graymoor, Garrison, New York

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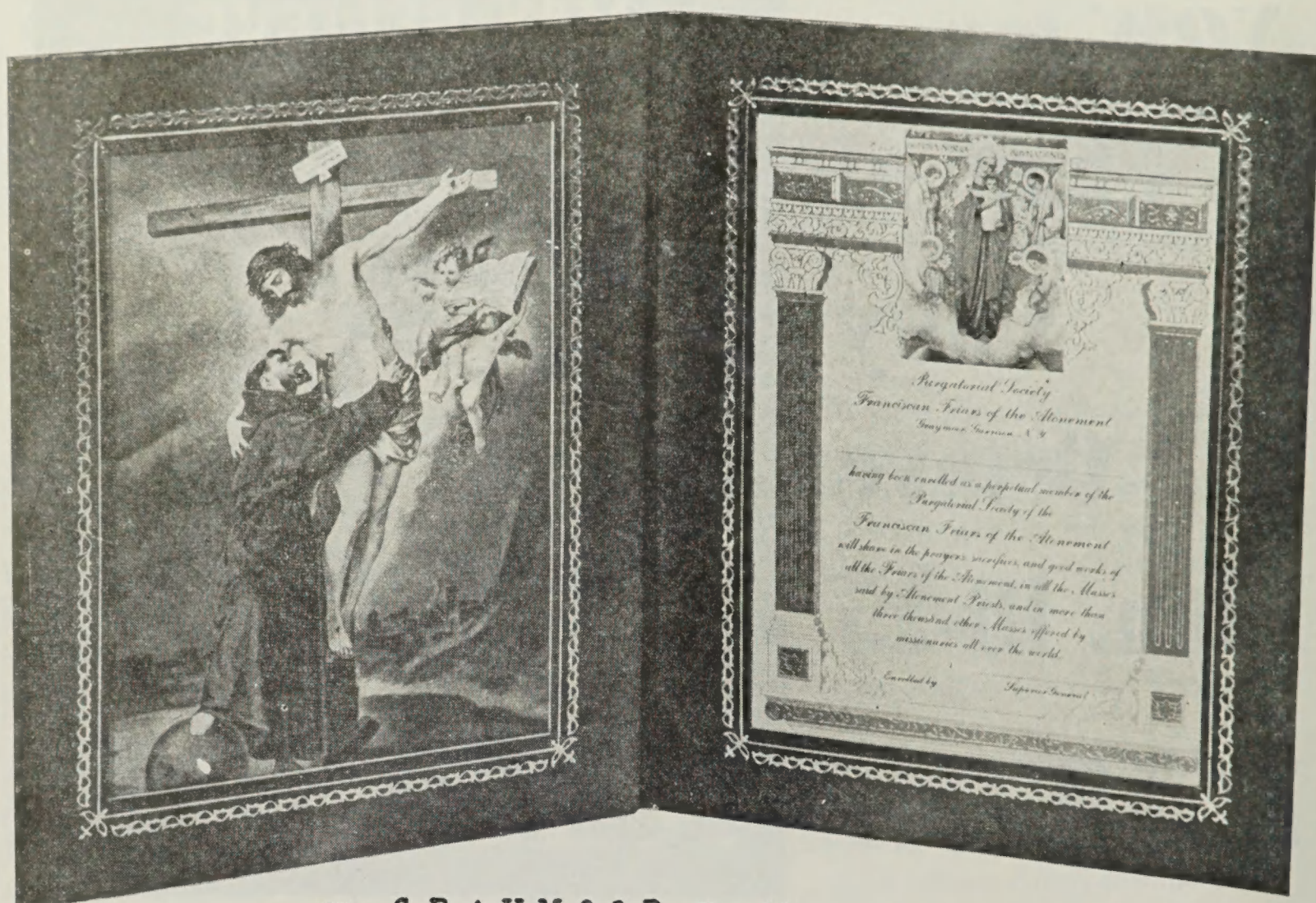
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The Lamp

A CATHOLIC MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO CHRISTIAN UNITY AND MISSIONS

Contents

FEATURES

One Faith—One Lord	18
Graymoor in Japan	21
by Titus Cranny, S.A.	
Teen Topics	25
by Lynn Alexander	
Mostly for Men	27
by John Patrick Gillese	
Mostly for Women	29
by Nancy Westlake	
A Woman of Unity	31
by Sister Mary Celine, S.A.	

ARTICLES

Saint Francis and the Holy Father	7
by Silvester Alvarez, S.A.	
Crusade of Prayer	10
by Kevin McMorro, S.A.	
Paul Claudel's Christmas Song	14
by Ralph Thomas, S.A.	

FICTION

And The Choir Sang Allelulia	12
by John J. Ryan	

DEPARTMENTS

Correspondence	4
In Focus	5
Necrology	6
Uncompleted Burses	9
Graymoor Annals	16
By the Light of the Lamp	23
At St. Anthony's Feet	24

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This Month

Children

One of the joys of the Christmas season is to take a couple of five or six year-olds visiting churches to see the Christmas Cribs. In some places the cribs are simple—just the manger with Mary and Joseph kneeling by the Child. In other places the composition is much more elaborate with shepherds, and camels, and the ox and the little donkey, and kings, and angels, and sheep.

But wherever it is, the children's reaction is something to see. They're generally solemn when they enter the church and if the *creche* is simple they retain the air of solemnity and, even though their eyes widen, they remain quiet while you explain the great wondrous mystery of the Incarnation. But if the *creche* is elaborate you have a hard time holding them. They dart from side to side, pointing at this, and oh-ing and ah-ing at that, paying scant attention to your *shushes*. After a time, though, the wonder siezes them and you have a chance to tell them the ageless story of how Christ came as a little Babe, the first born of Mary, to deliver the world from sin, to bring us peace, and to make us all children of God.

The First Crib

The Christmas Crib, now almost universal, was unknown before the XII Century. Our Holy Father, St. Francis, originated the custom. In December of 1223, speaking of the coming Christmas to his friend Giovanni da Vellita, St. Francis said "If thou art willing to celebrate this holy feast with us, diligently prepare what I tell thee. I desire so to represent the birth of the Child of Bethlehem that with the eyes of our bodies we may see all that He suffered for the lack of necessities of a new born babe, and how He lay in the manger between the ox and the ass."

Giovanni went off and built a stable with a manger, and an altar off to the side. Francis, officiating at the Solemn Mass as deacon sang



Our Cover: St. Francis and the Christ Child.

the gospel, and as an ancient chronicler writes "When he pronounced the name, *Jesus*, or *Bethlehem*, he let his tongue glide over his lips as if to taste the sweetness of the word on his palate and to relish it."

Then he preached the sermon and after Mass took the *Bambino*—i.e., Christ Child into his arms to place it in the crib. Tradition has it that the statue came to life, smiling at Francis and caressing his face.

Blessings In Gratitude

Christmas is a homey feast. Because it involves the Holy Family and the Babe of babes, it brings a warm glow of love as we think of our own families and dear friends. At Graymoor all of us feel this same glow as our thoughts turn to you, our benefactors, our dear and gracious friends. The financial support you give us keeps the Friars and their works going at home and abroad. We know that often this help you give us is given at the cost of considerable sacrifice. And so we are very grateful. But it's not only the financial help that places us in debt to you. It's the prayers you say for us and the kind and gracious words of encouragement you send us in your letters. These are a source of great strength and consolation to us because we know that you are with us and that together we can accomplish the work God has given us to do.

So in gratitude to all of you, best Christmas wishes from all of us. May the Christ Child fill your soul with grace, may He bring you peace and joy, may He grant you great happiness. That is the particular prayer that we shall breathe for you as we welcome the new born Savior on Christmas night.

lose something?

a valued rosary . . . a pair of glasses . . . car keys . . . a wallet . . . important papers . . . one or even two diamond earrings . . . or anything else



Invoke St. Anthony

He's the Finder of Lost Things and you'd be surprised how quickly he answers your prayers.

But finding lost rosaries or eyeglasses is by no means the extent of St. Anthony's power. He is a valued friend who helps his clients in every necessity. Our perpetual novena asking St. Anthony for his intercession takes place every night at each one of our Graymoor houses. Send us your petition to be included among the great number presented at his shrine.

Join With Us Today

A NEW NOVENA BEGINS EVERY TUESDAY

**FRANCISCAN FRIARS
OF THE ATONEMENT**

GRAYMOOR, GARRISON, NEW YORK

Correspondence

Stolen Purse

Dear Father: The enclosed money order is a promised payment to St. Anthony for the recovery of a lost purse. I would appreciate publication of this in *THE LAMP* as my purse was not just lost—it was stolen. Quite through my own fault. I had left it in a cafe and didn't miss it till two hours later. Naturally, on going back it was gone. I didn't advertise or notify the Police, feeling it would be of little use. I did ask St. Anthony to inspire the one who had taken it to be kind enough to return my Rosary—a very old one for which I would be very thankful. Two day later my purse, with all contents, except the money in it, was returned to me in the mail. St. Anthony has always been so good to me I fear it will be taken for granted by all who know me, one of these days, that I can have anything I ask for. Mrs. A.M.F.

Work

Dear Father: I wrote to you a couple of weeks ago asking you to please pray for a friend of mine that her husband would get work. A week ago he received a good position. Thanks to you and St. Anthony and all the Saints and the Holy Ghost. My friend promised a donation from her husband's first pay. Mrs. A.B.

Home Again

Dear Father: Where can anyone find a truer friend than St. Anthony? Several months ago I spent considerable time in the hospital and my sickness was finally diagnosed as acute leukemia. At the time when all the world seemed pretty dreary and I felt sick at heart for this extra burden, I promised St. Anthony to remember him if he would let me go home to my family again. Thank God for such a wonderful intercessor. I am even now gainfully employed at my former job. The time may be short but each year that I'm still here our favorite patron will be especially remembered through your *LAMP*.

God bless you—God love you—please pray for me. F.R.S.

Glasses

Dear Father: I lost my new glasses and said a prayer to St. Anthony to find them. The first man I asked on the way back to retrace my steps had found them. You can print this if you like. J.McC.

Lost Dog

Dear Father: I promised the Blessed Mother and St. Anthony I would send you \$1.00 and ask that this letter be published in *THE LAMP* if my dog was found and returned safely to me. Needless to say he was and while this may seem a small favor to many, to me it was indeed a great thing. My dog has been quite ill and has never really recovered. I was worried sick that someone



might mistreat him. This incident has certainly increased my faith in God and proven to me the power of prayer. I shall be forever grateful. Mrs. M.G.

First Communion

Dear Father: Enclosed please find \$5.00 which I promised to send to you in honor of St. Jude.

On Easter Sunday of this year I went home to see my mother who lives 300 miles away from me. I found that she had lived all winter in a large six-room house, our family home, with no heat but a kitchen gas range and no water except in the basement, due to broken pipes. Since my father's death she had rented our home. The shingles were coming off, hot water tank ruined and thrown out, a basement sink pulled out and thrown away, cement torn up in the basement, furnace completely ruined, roof and plaster bad. Her only hope was to sell and she had been trying to do that for a year. I asked St. Jude to please sell it by about April 17th so she could have it all over with and be able to attend my son's First Holy Communion, her only grandson. She closed the deal on April 20th. Her moving was pretty well done, and she was here for that wonderful day, spent four days with us, and had a good position as housekeeper to go to when she left us. Heartfelt thanks to St. Jude.

I also want to publicly thank Our Blessed Mother, St. Anthony, The Infant of Prague and Blessed Martin for the many favors I have received.

Please publish my letter and thank you for giving me an opportunity to express my love and thanks for my Faith. I would also like information on being a sponsor. Mrs. L.S. Ohio

Strike

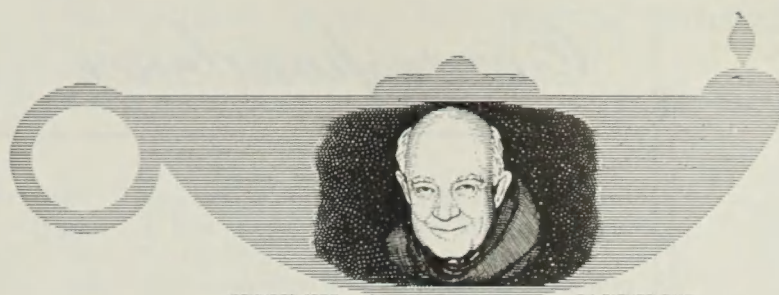
Dear Father: Enclosed find check for \$5.00. I promised to send it if my prayers were answered.

The shop where my husband worked was on strike for five months and we were about to lose our house. Thanks to St. Anthony and St. Jude we were able to keep our house and my husband was called back to work. J.E.

Position

Dear Father: I am writing this letter to let everyone know what a wonderful friend our Blessed Mother is. I am a recent High School graduate and I searched for employment. After trying many unsuccessful means, I turned to

(Continued on page 6)



FOUNDED 1903

BY FATHER PAUL

IN FOCUS... AS WE SEE IT

SPUTNIK

IT may seem strange to read about the first man-made satellite in this Christmas issue of a religious magazine, but the successful launching of Sputnik together with its scientific consequences and its military implications are of grave concern. At any rate, the Soviets are making the most of Sputnik's propaganda value, pointing as a threat to the fact that the satellite is part of their military endeavor and that the same rocket that launched it might just as easily carry an H-bomb.

What effects will the Soviet breakthrough have on our defenses, our economy, and our relations with our allies? For a few days after the first *beep-beep* was heard throughout the land, statements made by some of our leaders were almost panicky. There seemed to be a frantic search for a scapegoat on whom to place the blame. But things have quieted down now, and the quasi-panic has been replaced by a calm determination to intensify our own program in satellites and missiles to overtake and surpass the Soviets.

We were certainly jolted out of our complacency. We thought we were way ahead and that the backward Soviets had neither the brains nor the equipment to compete with us. For this reason it was a good thing that they beat us to the punch. Had we, or England, or France, or another of our allies been first to spin the satellite into space, we would have been confirmed in our self-deluding sense of scientific, technical, and material superiority. Our reaction would have been, "See how much better our scientists of the free world can do things. The Soviets couldn't have done it because they lack free workers, technical know-how, and industrial potential." Now we know better.

SINCE we also know that the Soviets are bent on world domination and that they will throw the whole world into a devastating and annihilating war just as soon as they feel they can win, it is only prudent for us to keep our guard up and our powder dry. It's terribly expensive and frustrating to be forced into an arms race, but at the present time this seems to be the only way to preserve peace

—an uneasy peace, true, but at least an absence of shooting war.

However, God did not give men brains to devise a satellite, and hands to build a missile in order that they might use them to plan and effect the killing of their neighbors. God gave us our brains and hands to build a better life for all men.

In addressing the Seventh International Congress of Astronautics in September, 1956, our Holy Father brought out this point when he said:

"If the man of today has felt himself imprisoned on the earth, so to speak, and has had to be content with fragmentary information about the universe, it seems now that it may be possible to break through the barrier and win access to new truths and new information which God has deposited in profusion in the world.

MOTIVES of curiosity or adventure alone will never succeed in correctly orienting efforts of such amplitude. Faced with new situations involving the intellectual development of humanity, the conscience must take a point of view. Man must deepen his knowledge of himself and God in order to situate himself more exactly in the total picture of the universe, in order better to evaluate the import of his activity.

"The common effort of all mankind toward a peaceful conquest of the universe should assist in impressing more deeply on the consciences of men a sense of community and solidarity, that all might be aware that they are the great family of God, children of the same Father.

"The boldest explorations of space will serve only to introduce among men a new area of dissension if they are not undertaken with deep moral reflection and conscientious devotion to the higher interests of humanity.

"We sincerely hope that the present congress will make progress along this path which is still so long and difficult, and we especially desire that the profound spiritual discoveries that result from it may not be less than its scientific attainments. †

Necrology



We commend to the prayers of our readers the souls of the faithful departed, and particularly the deceased subscribers and their near relatives whose deaths have been reported to us. Thirty Masses will be said for them.

Rev. Father James Kearns, Mary Schofield, Herman Hunt, Clementine Deshaies, William Muenchen, Paul Gray, Ruth Ryther, Helen Zipperer, Lucas Renftle, Rudolph Dederman, Glen Drouhard, Anna White, Frank Cyrwns, Louis A. Krenner, Mary Korte, William Farley Coyle, Charles Seiler, Charles F. Giblin, Charles Trageser, Sr., William Whitley, Thomas J. Murray, Rosa Garcia, Anna Schuerger, Dave Cleveland, Rt. Rev. Msgr. L. R. Stickney, Julia Lewis, Margaret A. Welch, Rev. Charles Quinn, William Pettit, Dorothy Boothroyd, Miss Della Ferrick, Helen Aldi, Mary Hopper, Frank Certoma, Miss Elizabeth Gillis, Theodore L. Ranken, Annie Horne, Buford Cheatham, James Donegan, Peter Bowes, Marcy Gordon, A. H. Anderson, Margaret Ann O'Neil, Andrew McCabe, Adele Manoni, Walter Orlikoski, Bridget Meehan, George J. Rassey, Fred Bolyard, Anna V. Ivers, Joseph Moan, Mrs. & Mrs. Michael Franey, Ellen McNulty, Charles Gildea, Miss Mattie D. Sherlock, Anna H. Merz, Teafil Zalenski, Katherine Maurer, Mary Ann Wey, Mrs. John (Natalina) Guarnieri, S. S. Hilb, Charles Drouhard, John N. Heltzel, Jr., Ella Marfoglio, Philip Battaglia, H. J. Wilson, Martin C. Dyer, William Ryan, Meade Kelly, Martin F. McAdams, Mr. Babula, Margserita Di Giorgio, Thomas A. Healey, Hugh Daly, Rev. Walter J. Lyddy, Wilson Calhoun, Jane E. Clark, Bernard Donegan, David Kollar, Dr. Thomas Piunkett, John Kennedy, Naomi Boothroyd, Helen McGinley, Jacob Franz, Kimigunda Schuerger, John P. Ego, Elizabeth Cavanaugh Alfred A. Buchelle, Julia B. Buckley, Theodore Ranken, John Ganley, Mr. McGee, Rita Harder, Frank Martin, G. J. McCann, Felice Casoria, Nettie Watson, Peter Bowes, Catherine Bishop, Frank A. Gorman, Mr. Demostan Landry, Patrick J. Ivers, Mark E. Murphy, Mr. & Mrs. Rudolph Rebholz.

Correspondence *Continued*

the Blessed Virgin Mary and begged her help. I now have a steady job, and I can't begin to thank Mary enough. I promised a donation and publication, so please publish this in *THE LAMP*.

I enjoy reading *THE LAMP* so much. Thanks to you and our Blessed Mother. B.S.

Thanks to Both

Dear Father: Enclosed you will find \$2.00 in honor of St. Anthony and St. Blase.

In honor of St. Anthony because he helped us locate my baby's diaper pin. We feared the baby may have had it near him and could hurt himself with it or even try to swallow it. Before I had a chance to finish praying to St. Anthony my husband had found it.

To St. Blase because he protected our home during one of our worst storms in Chicago. He did such a grand job of it that we didn't even get a flood in our basement. V.D.

Pigs is Pigs

Dear Father: I am enclosing an offering of \$5.00 in thanksgiving. I promised to have this published in your paper if St. Anthony, St. Benedict and Our Blessed Mother would help us to save our pigs. It was thought that the whole bunch of 134 had Cholera, but found out later it was some other disease. We only lost two, but at the beginning we thought they were all going to die. They all had such high temperatures that even the Vet thought it was useless to give the old ones serum as they had temperatures up to 108. By the next night their fever was coming down so we knew they were improving.

This happened 10 days ago and the Vet still comes out. He gave them more penicillin today. They are much better now and we hope and pray that they soon will get better.

This was a wonderful answer God gave us through St. Anthony, St. Benedict and Our Blessed Mother. I am very grateful. Mrs. H.H.

Sewing Machine

Dear Father: When our sewing machine broke down last June and I needed it for my summer homemaking project, I prayed to St. Anthony. I promised him the \$3.00 from my last three birthdays and publication in *THE LAMP*.

The machine is working fine now and I am nearly finished with my project. G.M.H.

Flood

Dear Father: This is a public thanks which I promised St. Anthony and Our Mother of Perpetual Help for a favor granted in a matter of minutes.

My daughter, her husband, myself and their two babies were stranded in a car in the worst storm and rainfall that has ever been recorded in this area. I begged St. Anthony to start the car as the water was beginning to come into the car. I asked help for the babies and in a matter of minutes my son-in-law started the car and we all arrived home safe. Also our homes were safe and dry while so many suffered extreme hardships and loss. Our Mother of Perpetual Help and St. Anthony are my best friends.

Mrs. L.P.

Well Dug

Dear Father: I enclose \$5.00 as promised to St. Anthony if I could get me a well dug. I made a novena to St. Anthony and on the ninth day a very dear friend paid a down payment to a man to start the well. I am so very happy and thankful. I had been out of water for over a year and had to depend on my neighbors. I know good St. Anthony heard and answered my prayers.

I would like you to publish my letter so others will have faith and hope in St. Anthony. My well is finished now, with plenty of water. Mrs. L.F. Texas

New Client

Dear Father: Being a convert I didn't know too much about praying to Saints.

But after reading *THE LAMP* I decided to pray to Saint Anthony for my husband's business to become profitable and to find a house to live in.

I promised St. Anthony to have the favor published in *THE LAMP* and to send \$10.00.

I enclose the donation and thank St. Anthony for his help. Mrs. T.S.K.

Glasses

Dear Father: I am sending this small donation to St. Anthony and I also promised I would ask you to publish this letter for a favor granted.

My son's glasses were lost and I found them after praying to St. Anthony for assistance. I was so worried because my son needs them real bad. I receive *THE LAMP* every month and pass it on to a cousin of mine and she enjoys it very much too. Mrs. E.C.

Silver Rosary

Dear Father: Enclosed is my offering as a Graymoor sponsor and also an offering in honor of Our Blessed Mother and St. Anthony.

I lost my silver rosary and promised them I would send an offering in thanksgiving to Graymoor if they found it for me, and also to have it published in *THE LAMP*. I felt certain my request would be granted and it was. A.R.M.

If you have promised publication and your letter does not appear, do not become upset or worried. You keep your promise once you send us the letter and give us permission to publish it.

An incident in the life of St. Francis
which proved his love and loyalty to the Holy Father

St. Francis AND THE HOLY FATHER

by FRATER SILVESTER ALVAREZ, S.A.

IF you have ever seen the Pope in the midst of an audience, you probably were struck by one thing—the peoples' love and loyalty to the Holy Father. Their cries of "Viva il papa" can mean nothing else.

A few centuries ago there was a man who also expressed his love and loyalty to the Holy Father. Although he did not do this by shouts and arm waving, he did express it by an extraordinary incident in his life. The man was Saint Francis of Assisi and the incident was as follows.

Francis was the son of a rich merchant by the name of Pietro Bernadone. His father had planned a great future for him, for he wanted young Francis to follow in his footsteps. God, however, had other plans for Francis. He desired him to cooperate with extraordinary graces so that one day he would be a great saint. Francis consequently left home while still a young man in order to live a life closer to God.

Other men began to notice the example of Francis. They heard that he had forsaken the comforts and applause of the world in order to live the life of the Gospel. They approached him and asked if they could join him in living according to the Gospel. The answer, of course, was in the affirmative. By the year 1209, the number of men had grown to eleven. They had drawn up a rule. But, as of yet, it had not been approved by Holy Mother Church.

ONE day Francis addressed his companions with these words, "Brothers, I see that the Lord in His mercy means to increase our company. So, let us go to our Mother, the Holy Roman Church, and make known to the Pope what the Lord has begun

to do through us so that we may carry on with what we have begun, with his pleasure and command."

He and his associates immediately set out for the Eternal City. Francis was familiar with the journey, for he had previously been in Rome as a pilgrim. Some of the others, though, were most eager to see the city about which they had heard so much.

The little group arrived at Rome somewhat fatigued by the long trip. However, they forgot their weariness of body when they met the bishop of Assisi, Bishop Guido.

THE bishop, who was an old friend and admirer of Francis, was most eager to assist the group in their holy purpose. He introduced them to the bishop of Sabina, Cardinal John of Saint Paul. When the Cardinal heard that Francis and his band were homeless, he offered to give them shelter at his residence.

While at the Cardinal's residence, Francis made known his wish to see the Holy Father. And the Cardinal, impressed by the simplicity and holiness of the Assisians, promised to arrange for an audience with the Holy Father, Innocent III.

In a few days a messenger from the papal court arrived at the Cardinal's residence. He brought news that the Holy Father would grant Francis and his companions an audience.

In the company of the friendly Cardinal, Francis and the group hastened to the papal palace. The barefooted and poorly clad men made quite a spectacle as they walked down the majestic halls of the papal palace, led by the well dressed Cardinal. They

paused at the entrance of the papal chamber and listened to instructions on how they should address the Holy Father. One of the guards opened the doors and ushered them in. Before them sat the reigning pontiff of the Catholic Church, the successor of St. Peter.

CARDINAL John of St. Paul was the first to speak. He began by introducing Francis and his companions to the Holy Father. Innocent III greeted them kindly. The Cardinal now indicated that Francis, as spokesman for the group, had a very important request to make to him.

At the signal from the Cardinal, Francis stepped forward, looked at those present in the chamber and at the Pope. And then he addressed the Holy Father with words that clearly manifested his respect and reverence. He told him how he had been directed by God to found an order of men dedicated to living the life of the Gospel. How these men would possess nothing of this world but would constantly strive for the riches of heaven as Our Lord did. Francis spoke of his burning desire to tell the world about the crucified Christ, and how the Order would preach Christ crucified by word as well as by example.

He concluded by subjecting himself to whatever decision the Holy Father would make on the matter. What Francis desired to do was true and holy, and everyone present knew that.

The Pope had listened with deep gravity. He had heard other men speak before the court, but none had the eloquence, the conviction and the sincerity of this man. He carefully pondered over each word which Francis had said. Could it be that God really was directing this man to found an order of men? Could this man have been singled out by Him to offset the laxity which was creeping into the clergy at the time? He surely seemed to be sincere.

ON the other hand, what assurance was there that this beggar would not fall into the errors of other barefooted mendicants whose enthusiasm had led to heresy? Would he join the ranks of the notorious Cathari? They too began with sublime intentions, but now they rejected the Old Testament, marriage, and the resurrection of the body.

The Church could take no chances. Francis, his companions and their rule had to be scrutinized.

With this thought in mind, the Pope now addressed Francis. He told him that he was edified by his zeal and holy intentions. However, he could not immediately approve their rule due to the turbulence of heresies existing throughout Christendom. He would put the matter before the cardinals and ask them to investigate the rule so as to render a decision on its rectitude.

Francis cordially bowed to his holiness and thanked him for granting him and his companions

an audience. Cardinal John likewise expressed his gratitude and then escorted the twelve out of the chamber.

That night Pope Innocent had a strange dream about the Basilica of St. John Lateran. The great edifice, which was the head and mother church of all Christendom, began to sway and tremble. It tottered so violently that its destruction was inevitable. At this moment a small man ran across the piazza of the church and made his way to one of the walls. The man, who wore a tattered tunic girded by a cord, put his shoulder to the wall. The trembling immediately ceased and the church settled back on its foundations.

When Innocent awoke the next morning, he vividly recalled the dream. He pondered over its contents at breakfast and on the way to the papal court. He continued to do so as he took care of his daily affairs.

That afternoon Francis had arranged for another visit with the Pope. As Francis came through the door, the Pope was somewhat startled, for he immediately saw a similarity between the man in the dream and Francis. He was sure that the two were identical. Their apparel left no doubt about that. The Pope then realized the full meaning of the dream. The Lateran Church represented the Catholic Church. Its tottering signified the many heresies and attacks which the Catholic Church was enduring. The little man supporting the church edifice indicated that God had chosen Francis as the exterminator of the heresies which plagued the Church.

THE Pope joyfully embraced Francis and exclaimed, "This is indeed the pious and holy man through whom the Church of God will be raised up and sustained." The Holy Father then verbally approved the founding of the order of men, ratified its rule, and permitted Francis and his followers to preach the Gospel wherever they wished. At these words, Francis fell to his knees and humbly pledged his allegiance and fidelity to the Holy See.

What took place at the papal court that day was not a scene of emotional admiration and sympathy. Francis had displayed his loving obedience to the Holy Father. This was his way of expressing love and loyalty. This was the incident in his life which singled him out in the Church's liturgy as the *vir catholicus*, the Catholic man.

His love and loyalty to the Holy Father had a very firm foundation. They were based on his love for Christ. Francis was most eager to know the will of Christ and to follow it. And he found Christ's will expressed in the voice of His vicar on earth, the Pope. When Francis saw the Pope as the good shepherd, he also saw Christ the Eternal Shepherd of souls. When he heard the Pope speak, he also heard Christ, the Divine Teacher. The basic reason, then, for his love and loyalty (Cont. on page 19)

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As a Catholic priest, Ignatius Spencer, the former Anglican

established the Crusade of Prayer for the conversion of England

CRUSADE OF

SINCE the time when England was robbed of the faith in the 16th century, there never have been lacking saintly men who devoted themselves to the spiritual task of restoring her to the unity of the Church. One of the most remarkable and yet least known of these men was Fr. Ignatius Spencer, Passionist priest, convert to the faith from Anglicanism, and founder of a universal prayer movement for the conversion of England.

Fr. Ignatius Spencer was born into a noble Anglican family at London in 1799. In Baptism he received the name of George, being named after his father, George John, Earl Spencer, who at the time of his son's birth was First Lord of the Admiralty, a position of great wealth and influence. Since George was the youngest of the Spencer children his parents decided that he should enter the ranks of the clergy, which was the usual career to be pursued by younger sons of noble families. In 1817, after completing his early education at Eton, George entered Trinity College, Cambridge, to begin his studies for the ministry. While he showed himself to be a good student throughout his college career, he took no special interest in theological subjects nor did he think that the ministry to which he aspired demanded more than ordinary piety.

In 1824 George Spencer was ordained an Anglican minister and soon became rector of Great Brighton parish church. He fulfilled his ministerial duties with minute care, spending much of his material goods upon the poor and giving a great deal of his time to the care of the sick. Often he would walk many miles to visit a family in distress, and though he could afford to ride to the distant homes of his parishioners, he denied himself this luxury from a spirit of mortification. A lady who knew him from childhood writes of him during this early period that "his great charity to the poor and wandering beggars was unbounded. At times he gave them all the money he had and stripped himself of his clothes to give them to the distressed."

In spite of his many charitable activities peace and harmony did not reign within the parish of Great Brighton nor within the heart of the devoted pastor. He found himself opposed by Methodists, Baptists, and Calvinists, and when he attempted

to inform them of the evils of schism and of the necessity of Episcopal government, he was reprimanded as being too Catholic minded. Having only vague notions about the nature of the Church and the sacraments, he drifted from High Church principles into Evangelicalism and began to preach about the necessity of "being converted," of becoming of the "elect," and of being "born again." Gradually he gave up the reading of theology altogether, and confined himself to the study of Scripture. By the year 1829 he had become convinced that neither the Anglican Church nor any of the various Protestant sects had a correct view of Christianity.

While in this frame of mind Spencer became acquainted with a zealous Catholic layman, Mr. Ambrose Phillipps De Lisle, who was himself a convert to the Church from Anglicanism. Until this time Mr. Spencer had looked upon Catholics as sincere but misinformed people whose religion was nothing but a series of superstitious formulas. His first conversation with Mr. De Lisle proved how wrong he was. Never before had he seen his objections answered with such readiness and intelligence, and never had he met a man so eager to speak on religious subjects. So satisfied was Spencer with this first meeting that he gratefully accepted Mr. De Lisle's invitation for further discussion at the latter's home at Garendon Park.

His second meeting with Mr. De Lisle in January of 1830 only increased his admiration for the enthusiastic Catholic layman. He heard De Lisle successfully refute his own objections and those of other Protestant clergymen who took part in the discussions. Spencer had to confess that "the advantage always appeared on his side in the arguments which took place between them, notwithstanding their superior age and experience; and I saw how weak was the cause in behalf of which I had hitherto been engaged."

The week spent with Mr. De Lisle left Spencer deeply shaken, but he was still undecided whether to embrace the Catholic faith or not. His indecision was finally broken by a Dominican priest, Fr. Caestryck, to whom De Lisle introduced Spencer for the purpose of further discussion. This Dominican priest proved to Spencer that the assertions of Protestants that the Church had altered her

PRAYER

doctrines were not supported by evidence. He showed how the Church in all ages, under the guidance of the Roman Pontiffs, had exercised a divine authority given to her in Christ's commission to teach all men to the end of the world. Spencer listened and argued, and was finally convinced of the step that he must take. "I am overcome," he confided to Mr. De Lisle. "There is no doubt of the truth. One more Sunday I will preach to my congregation, and then put myself into Mr. Foley's hands (Rev. Foley, a Catholic priest), and conclude this business."

BUT no sooner had he made this declaration than he reflected: "Have I any right to stand in that pulpit, being once convinced that the church is heretical to which it belongs? Am I safe in exposing myself to the danger which may attend one day's travelling, while I turn my back on the Church of God, which now calls me to unite myself to her forever?" And turning to Mr. De Lisle he answered his own questions: "If this step is right for me to take next week, it is my duty to take it now. My resolution is made; tomorrow I will be received into the Church."

Once within the Fold of Peter, Spencer expressed to his ecclesiastical superior, Bishop Walsh, his desire to become a priest and work for the conversion of his countrymen. Accordingly, in March of 1830, he was sent to the English College at Rome to begin his theological studies. He pursued his courses under the guidance of Dr. Nicholas Wiseman, who was then rector of the English College, and after two years of intensive study he was raised to the dignity of the priesthood. One of the most fruitful events of his stay at Rome was his acquaintanceship with Dominic Barberi, a Passionist priest, who from his early youth longed to work for the conversion of England. While together at the English College, they united their prayers for England's conversion and constantly urged others to pray for this intention. Throughout life they remained intimate friends and Spencer played an important part in bringing Barberi and other Passionists to England to work for her conversion.

FR. SPENCER began his priestly life in the diocese of Birmingham under the jurisdiction of Bishop Walsh. He founded the missions of West Bromwich and Dudley, built schools and churches, and labored



unceasingly to strengthen the faith of his Catholic parishioners and convert his Protestant neighbors. Innumerable were the converts that he won to the faith by his example and holy conversation, and innumerable, too, were the sacrifices and hardships that he endured while conducting this apostolic labor.

BUT the most important project that Fr. Spencer undertook as a Catholic priest was his crusade of prayers for the conversion of England. It was in 1838 while travelling in France that he conceived the idea of starting a universal prayer movement for England's conversion. In a conversation with the Archbishop of Paris, Archbishop Quelin, he mentioned the great need that England had of prayers and what a great benefit it would be for England if the French would undertake to unite in prayer for her conversion. The Archbishop enthusiastically took up the idea and proposed it to 70 or 80 of his clergy who were at this time meeting at St. Sulpice. When Fr. Spencer saw how favourably the proposal was accepted by the clergy, he was encouraged to go further. He appealed to the principal religious Orders throughout France and received their promise of prayers for England's conversion. The Archbishops and Bishops of France likewise expressed their willingness to recommend prayers for England's conversion in their dioceses and provinces. Soon the priests and laity (*Cont. on page 30*)

"No," said Luis sadly.
"I know only one hymn. Allelulia.
It is an Easter hymn."



...and the Choir sang Allelulia

by JOHN J. RYAN

DON HERNDON gazed moodily out of the rain-streaked plane window into a black void. The plane, windlashed and bucking in the Texas sky, gave the strange impression of being aimless and without direction. Like me, thought Don, just like me. From Santa Carla to nowhere and back. Only this time nowhere was San Antonio. Picked at random, just another place. Tomorrow would be Christmas. That meant he could not take any orders or do any business but at least he could catch up on his paper work.

Well, he said to no one in particular. It is better than sitting in a lonely hotel room. If others wished to observe Christmas in their own way, let them. He had no reason to, in fact he had good reason not to and to each his own. But they wouldn't let him alone. Since Dickens no one could ignore Christmas without being considered another Scrooge. Not that they mattered. They were only casual acquaintances. There was nobody who cared particularly. Nor for whom he cared, he was quick to add mentally.

He glanced around the dim interior of the plane. Only two other passengers, a girl whose face was turned away from him but not enough that he could not observe that she was young and pretty, and a little black haired Mexican boy. In the East the airplanes would be jammed with everyone rushing home for Christmas; the terminals all done up in Christmas trim; the air biting cold. Here in the Southwest it did not seem like Christmas anyhow. Not to him. And he was grateful for the near empty plane. He could not take a crowd of passengers bellowing Jingle Bells. He turned back to the window. Outside the storm raged unabated.

Luis Cortez grabbed at his safety belt in something akin to terror. He had never been in a plane before. He had seen planes, *si*, but graceful and

sleek against a blue sky. Not like this. This was like a bull angered by the picadors, angry, bucking, without grace. He felt he had been cheated. He had stopped looking out of the window. Outside it seemed too much like there were demons howling.

He had said many prayers. He wished he knew more. For a ten year old boy he did not seem to know very many prayers. But where he lived there was no school and the priest came only once a year at Easter. But now, perhaps it would be different. At San Antonio perhaps it would be different.

He would pray to his sainted mother and now, he thought sadly, to his sainted father as well. He would have preferred Mexico City but that would have been too far and cost too much. That was why he had selected San Antonio. This was Mexican too, but in the United States. There he would become an *Americano* and be rich. Then he would have a Mass said for the mother and father who had left him.

Meanwhile he closed his eyes. God was probably punishing him for his sins by placing him in this plane on such a wild night. Still, it seemed like a lot of punishment for not so many sins.

Jeanne Campbell gazed at the gay tourist map that some traveller had left on the empty seat beside her. It spelled out all of the wonders of travel—Hong Kong harbor with the junks; Cathay; doll-like Japanese in colorful obis; a smoky cafe in Vienna; a Cathedral in Paris. It reminded her that all over the world tonight the holy celebration of Christmas was beginning.

She remembered other Christmasses—New England Christmasses with the soft, silent snow piled against the windows and the red, green and blue lights of the tree making a rainbow reflection on the snow; guests coming in red (*Cont. on page 19*)

He didn't know very much about the proper

one to sing; all he knew was you couldn't

have a Fiesta without some kind of a hymn

Paul Claudel's Christmas

Poet and diplomat, Paul Claudel, lost his faith as a young

man through human respect and a fanatical devotion to science

ON Christmas Day, 1886, a young Frenchman who had lost his Faith made his way through the crowd into the great Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris to attend the Christmas ceremonies. If he did not come to scoff he certainly had not come to pray. As a young poet, recently graduated from the Lycée Louis-le-Grand and fully indoctrinated in the skeptical spirit of the time, he had hoped that the sight of the ancient Christmas rites would inspire him towards the composition of a literary work. Little did he know that before he left, something infinitely more profound than literary inspiration would be granted to him.

While he stood reflecting to himself, "How happy these believers are! If only it were true . . .", suddenly a series of truths entered his mind with lightning speed. "It is true! God exists. He is present. He is Someone." And finally: "He loves me. He calls me!" The Faith was reborn in him, never to be shaken again. "I was overcome," he confessed later, "with a sudden and overwhelming sense of the innocence and eternal infancy of God—an inexpressible revelation." During the *Adeste Fideles*, he wept like a child.

Nevertheless, Paul Claudel still had to undergo the agony of dying to the world of godlessness which had been constructed in his mind as a student. Far off was his First Communion Day, which had marked the end of his religious practices. All the prejudices which had become a part of him now rose up to do battle. His dislike of devout people, his fanatical devotion to science, his fear of derision by unbelieving friends—all these conspired against him.

ON that Christmas night, returning home over streets which now seemed unfamiliar, he desired to seek out a Catholic friend, but realized suddenly that he had none. He went home and searched through the house for a Bible. When he was about to give up a fruitless search, he came across a German Bible, which his sister had received as a gift, and he began to read. Now, as Claudel tells it, "for the first time I heard the Voice of Holy Scripture, so gentle and so inflexible, which has never since ceased to echo in my heart. Until now

I knew the history of Christ only through Renan, and having believed everything that that apostate taught, I did not even know that Christ had ever claimed to be the Son of God." The majestic simplicity of each Gospel verse refuted those critics who denied Christ's divinity and made Claudel repeat with the Centurion that truly Christ was the Son of God.

BUT still, through pride, he resisted for three years the claims Faith made upon him. During this period of trial he read Bossuet and Dante and the book called "The Imitation of Christ." And he went to church as often as possible. Of this latter he writes as follows: "The Book which opened itself to me and in which I studied was the Church . . . I spent my Sundays at Notre Dame, and went there as often as possible on weekdays. I was still ignorant of my religion as of Buddhism. But now the sacred drama unfolded before me with a magnificence that surpassed anything I imagined . . . I never tired of the spectacle of the Mass, and every movement of the priest inscribed itself profoundly on my mind and soul . . . The liturgy of Christmas, the drama of Holy Week, the sublime chant of the *Exultet* . . . filled me with gratitude and joy, contrition and devotion." He envied those happy Christians he saw receiving Holy Communion. Like the Prodigal, he felt as one who had returned from a strange country far away. At last, overcome with anguish and remorse, he went to the Church of St. Médard and made his confession of sins. Reconciled to the Church, he received his second Holy Communion on Christmas Day, 1890, in Notre Dame.

For Claudel, the return to the Sacraments marks the end of his conversion story and the beginning of a life of tremendous activity in behalf of his country and his Church. He entered the diplomatic service of France. These duties took him all over the world. He was France's representative in China during the Boxer Rebellion and in Japan during the Great Earthquake. His career led him successively to Prague, Frankfurt, and Hamburg. World War I found him in Sweden, Norway, and England. After the Armistice he held the assignment of minister to Brazil and to Denmark, and later he became ambassador in turn to Bel-

Song

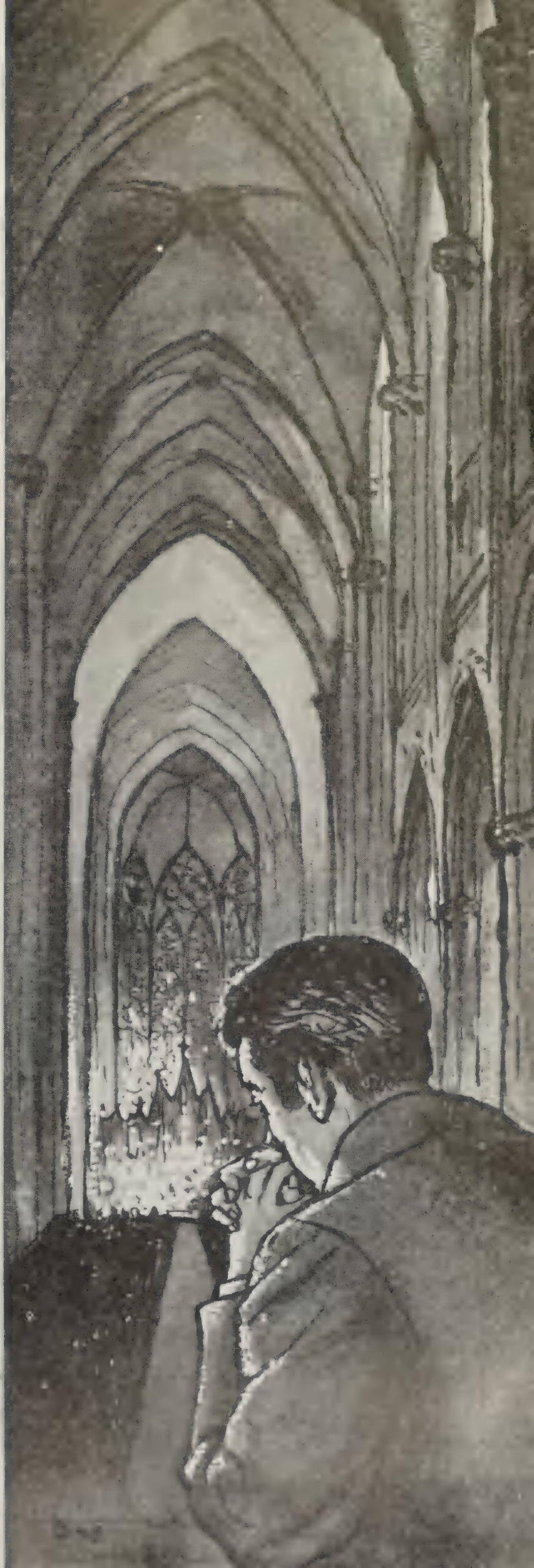
by RALPH THOMAS, S.A.

gium, Japan, and the United States. At Washington in 1933 he helped negotiate the Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact.

AMID these strenuous duties in all parts of the world, he never forgot the grace which brought about his return to the Church. He was not one of those persons who, once they have discovered the Faith, make it their own private treasure. He desired all men, especially the Catholics who had lapsed, to share his discovery, and he did not hesitate to strive openly to convert them. He urged devotees of the arts and sciences—the intellectuals twisted beneath the yoke of matter—to become Catholics, to leave their “shrunk, amputated world” and to enter the great domain “as vast as the starry vault, where the ocean itself can move at ease, and one can breathe to the limit of one’s lungs.” By conversation, letters, plays, poetry—carried on principally in moments snatched from official duties—he sought (as Mauriac says) to touch the destinies of countless unbelievers and “to set them in order.” Of his writings, Claudel said towards the end of his life, “I have always wanted one thing only, and all my books are directed towards it: to be a road that people can use, and then forget.”

IN 1950, this champion of the Faith had the honor of presenting to the Holy Father some of his poems, which were interpreted by members of the *Théâtre Hébertot* of Paris. Afterwards, in the course of his talk, Pope Pius said, “We seemed to follow in thought the way of a soul seized and conquered by the grace of Christ; and thenceforward striving, ever ardent, never satisfied, to give expression—at times seeking new and daring forms—to the song of overflowing love. May the hearers take away with them a holy impulse toward the Christ, the Word of God, the Song Eternal of the Father . . .”

Dating from the Christmas Day of 1886, Claudel’s life became, with the aid of God’s grace, his greatest song. “Overcome with a sudden and overwhelming sense of the innocence and eternal infancy of God,” it became a kind of perpetual Christmas song of praise, (Cont. on page 30)



Graymoor Annals

PILGRIMAGE SEASON CLOSES

SNOW FELL LATE in the afternoon of the last day of our official pilgrimage season, the Feast of Christ the King, the last Sunday of October. It was only a slight flurry but it indicated that winter would soon be upon us and that we had seen the last of the gloriously vivid colors of fall. Daylight saving time ended that day, too: the brief twilight came early, and though they were refreshed in body and spirit, it seemed to us that our pilgrims were glad to enjoy the warmth of their cars and busses.

Our reactions at the end of each Graymoor pilgrimage season are a mixture of thanks, satisfaction, relief, and a great big measure of sadness. We feel thankful to Almighty God for giving us so many good friends to come visit us. We're thankful to you, too, for coming to Graymoor, to see our beautiful God-given Motherhouse and to pray with us for the unity of mankind. We also feel a good solid satisfaction on a job well done. You'd be surprised how much labor goes into a successful pilgrimage season. There's the early spring clean-up, the organizing efforts far in advance, putting out the chairs for service outside, preparing the large Lady of the Atonement Chapel, arranging the reli-

gious article stock, fixing up the Cafeteria, and taking care of many, many other details, both great and small. But everyone pitches in with a will. Bro. Oliver in the religious article shop, Bro. John Joseph and Bro. Pius in the kitchen and cafeteria, Bro. Lawrence and his loyal cohorts at the Bus Terminal, the Postulants anywhere they are needed, and the men from St. Christopher's Inn who take care of the traffic and clean up after everyone has gone home.

There's relief, too. The work is hard and when you do it week after week for half a year in addition to your other duties, you begin to feel pretty bedraggled towards the middle of September. So you're glad of the rest. But at the same time there's a feeling of sadness and even though you have a lot of free time in the afternoon, the first Sunday after the season, Graymoor seems empty and lonely.

WE ALL HOPE that those of you who were able to come to Graymoor this year enjoyed your visit so much that you will return next year. And we hope that those of you who were unable to make it as yet will put Graymoor on your visiting list for next year.

Remember this. Even though the



pilgrimage season is officially closed you are welcome to visit Graymoor at any time. The Cafeteria is not open but there are several nice places in the vicinity where you can get anything from a snack to a full meal. We don't have any regular pilgrimage services or devotions either until next June but the chapels are open and you can gain a plenary indulgence for a visit to St. Francis. In the winter, when the trees are bare, Graymoor has a rugged, rocky beauty, hard to match anywhere. So maybe some Sunday you'll get a chance to drive up our Holy Mountain.

OUR BYZANTINE CHAPEL

IN THE GRAYMOOR ANNALS for last April we told you about how the Holy Ghost Chapel on the top of the Mountain was transformed into a Byzantine chapel and how Father Bartholomew, S.A., who has the privilege of saying Mass in both the Latin and Byzantine rites, and the additional singular privilege of offering the Divine Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom (i.e., the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass) entirely in English, with the exception of the words of Consecration.

During the past pilgrimage season thousands of people visited the Holy Ghost Chapel. Most of them, for the first time in their lives, saw what a Byzantine chapel looks like. A few of our pilgrims knew something about the different rites of the Roman Catholic Church, the Latin, the Byzantine, the Armenian, the Malabar, the Ethiopian and the other Oriental rites, and



The Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom

understood that though language, and ceremonies, and customs might differ, all belong to the One, True, Catholic Church because all are one in belief, in worship, and in obedience to our Holy Father Pope Pius XII, now gloriously reigning. But many, many more never knew this and the knowledge came almost as a revelation.

THERE ARE A FEW stumbling blocks to complete understanding and acceptance. The first is the triple barred cross seen on the domes of both Catholic and Orthodox churches: the second is the difference between Oriental Catholics and Oriental Orthodox: the third is the married clergy. As for the triple barred cross, the top bar represents the title, Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jews, nailed there by Pilate's order, the second bar represents the cross piece to which Our Lord's hands were nailed, and the third bar represents the foot-rest that many believe was used at the Crucifixion.

The most striking difference between Catholic and Orthodox Orientals is a matter of obedience to the See of Peter. Catholic Orientals are in union with our Holy Father in Rome; Orthodox Orientals are separated from that unity. Orthodox Orientals do not recognize our Holy Father as the Vicar of Christ, the visible Head of the Church of Christ, and consequently do not give him obedience. However they do have a real priesthood, they do distribute the seven Sacraments, they do offer the Sacrifice of the Mass and when they breathe the words of consecration over the Bread and Wine these oblations become the Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity of Jesus Christ.

Generally speaking in the Oriental Rites whether Catholic or Orthodox, a married man may be ordained and function as priest while living a regular married life with his wife and children. This comes as quite a shock to Latin Catholics, who are accus-

tomed to a celibate clergy, and it isn't until you point out that this is a matter of discipline, and not doctrine, that they begin to comprehend. The clincher usually is the reminder that Our Lord cured St. Peter's mother-in-law of a fever proving that he had a wife.

The misunderstandings caused by ignorance on both sides have hindered efforts for unity between the Catholic and Orthodox churches. Many Orthodox labor under the fear that giving submission and obedience to the Holy Father will result in their Romanization. They dread losing their culture and the beautiful religious rites and ceremonies that have come down to them from centuries before the schism around 1054 that cut them off from the Mother Church at Rome.

WE TAKE A GREAT and legitimate pride in the fact that our Byzantine Chapel



Bro. Lawrence, S.A. meeting the bus

at Graymoor has given a better understanding of the basic unity amid diversity in the Roman Catholic Church. Many Latin Catholics who formerly knew nothing at all about the Oriental Rites have had their eyes opened, and many others who looked with suspicion upon Catholic Orientals because they confused Roman Catholic Orientals with the Orthodox have had that suspicion removed.

One day, after one of the Friars had finished an explanation of the various rites in the Roman Catholic Church and of the difference between Catholics and Orthodox, one of the pilgrims said, "Brother, thank God I came today. I just found out after eleven years that I have been making a terrible mistake. I have been fight-



Bus Terminal

ing almost continually with one of my fellow-workers, an Orthodox, telling him that because his priest is married he couldn't be a real priest. Now I know better." Better understanding on the pilgrim's part will certainly result in a kinder feeling towards the Church on the part of the fellow-worker.

During the summer we have had several groups of various rites using the Chapel, with their Pastors celebrating the Divine Liturgy (The Mass) for them. When the Maronites were here there was also present in the chapel a good number of Latin Catholics. An explanation of the ceremonies of the Mass was given and all, both Latin and Maronite Catholics, joined together in offering the highest praise to God.

ANNIVERSARY

WE CELEBRATED the 48th anniversary of the entrance of the Society of the Atonement into the Catholic Church with a Solemn High Mass celebrated by the Father General, S.A. Fr. Titus preached the sermon.

Originally, as you may know, the Society of the Atonement was founded by Fr. Paul James Wattson and Sr. Lurana Mary White in the Episcopal Church. Fr. Paul at that time was an Episcopal minister; Sr. Lurana had been a member of one of the Episcopal Sisterhoods. The Graymoor Fathers and Sisters remained in the Episcopal Communion from the founding in 1898 until October 30, 1909, when it was received into the Catholic Church by Msgr. Joseph H. Conroy, later Bishop of Ogdensburg, acting as the representative of John Cardinal Farley, Archbishop of New York. The Founders of the Friars and Sisters of the Atonement attributed the reception of the Society into the Church in no small way to their observance of the Chair of Unity Octave established two years before. Next month we shall celebrate the Golden Anniversary of the establishment of the Chair of Unity Octave. †



Bros. Joseph Marie and Kilian, S.A.

One Faith-One Lord

Living the Faith. "If all Catholics lived up to their faith," wrote an Irish bishop, "the world would be converted in a generation." In an address to the University students, Archbishop McQuaid of Dublin, declared: "I pray that you may generously love Him before the grey ashes of the years have been heaped upon your lusts and your ambitions. For each of you there is a vocation willed by God. In that career you have the obligation to love God more than yourselves. By reason of your education you have the duty to give to your world the knowledge of Jesus Christ; you must offer an example of a life that by its self-denial is a remembrance of the life of Christ. Such is life made Christian, not by a proclamation of its virtue, but by its veritable Christian living."

The Love of God. "Who could love us more than God does? Nevertheless God makes use of fear in order to save us, although He teaches us with sweetness. When the Father of the family wanted guests for His banquet, did He not send servants to the highways and hedges, to compel all whom they met to come to it? The banquet is the *unity of Christ's body*..." (St. Augustine)

Papal Attitude Toward Reunion Efforts. From time to time the Holy Father is asked to take part in various reunion conferences and congresses sponsored by non-Catholic sources. As the typical attitude toward such efforts we may refer to Pope Benedict XV who was invited to participate in the conference of Upsala (Sept. 18, 1918). Though he refused to take part in the conference he told the delegates that he welcomed all measures which lead to Christian charity in national life and tend to promote peace and tranquility. He promised the delegates the prayers for which they had asked (May 16, 1919). In 1925 Pope Pius XI assured other Swedish delegates that he was following their efforts toward reunion with his prayers.

Separated by Faith. "Now it is a fact that all non-Catholics differ from us in faith. They are truly separated from us, not only because they have not submitted themselves to the authority of the Catholic Church—a matter which constitutes the essence

of schism—but also because this refusal of submission presupposed the refusal to acknowledge some point of the Catholic faith, at least the authority of the Pope. It is therefore in matters of faith that we are separated.

"Now the genuine unity of the Church, that for which Jesus prayed after the Last Supper and that which the prayers of the January Octave call for, is the unity of all in one and the same faith. The one sole Church can have faith alone." Fr. Charles Boyer, S.J., *Unitas*, Spring, 1957.

"It is idle to suppose that any union of Christian bodies can be brought about by yielding a principle here or gaining a point there. There can be no trafficking with truth. It would be unreasonable to believe that our Lord and Saviour could allow His one true Church to be divided and to teach diametrically opposed doctrines on such matters as, for example, the divinity of Christ. That would not be to teach all nations, but to confuse them. Thus would the mandate of Christ be rendered meaningless."

St. Ignatius, Third Bishop of Antioch. On his way to martyrdom, this saintly bishop of the beginning of the second century wrote: "Seeing then that there is an end to all, that the choice is between two things, death and life, and that each is to go to his own place; for just as there are two coinages, the one of God, the other of the world, and each has its own stamp impressed on it, so the unbelievers bear the stamp of the world, and the believers the stamp of God the Father in love through Jesus Christ; and unless we willingly chose to die through Him in His passion, His life is not in us... Hasten all to come together as to one temple of God, as to one altar, as to one Jesus Christ, who came forth from the Father, and is with one and departed to one."

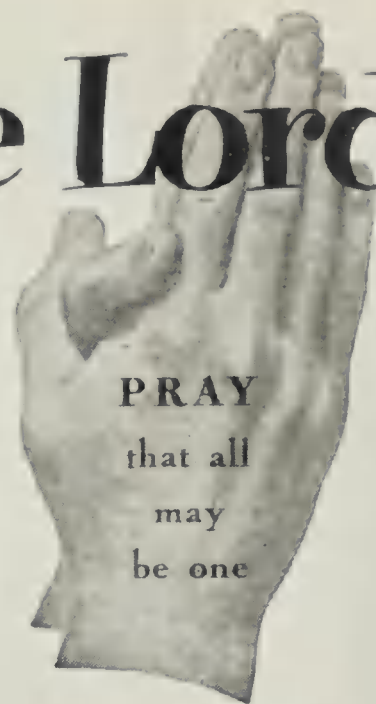
Fifty Years Ago. At this time of the month in 1907 Father Paul was sending the first letters to Catholics and Anglicans about observing the Unity Octave. It has been occasionally said that the Octave began through the efforts of Rev. Spencer Jones, an Anglican clergyman at Moreton-in-Marsh, England. Although he was prominent in his writings on Christian Unity, and particularly the reunion idea among

his co-religionists, he did not begin the Octave as such. Indeed as Father Paul explained, "the idea, the origin, the means, and the purpose" all began at Graymoor.

We ask our readers to plan to take part in the Octave in 1958 in a special way—by prayer and sacrifice, and by invoking Our Lady as the great patroness in this apostolic venture.

Our Lady and Unity. In his encyclical on the Lourdes Jubilee Year, issued on the feast of the Visitation last summer (July 2) the Holy Father said: "The Virgin invites us to the blessed grotto on behalf of her divine Son for the conversion of hearts and the hope of pardon... May there be added that prayer to Mary that she may turn her motherly heart towards those who are still outside the limits of the only Fold, the Church, so that they may come together in Unity. May she look upon those who seek and are thirsting for truth and lead them to the source of living waters."

Plan Now. Join Now. May we suggest that you plan to observe the Chair of Unity Octave now and place your order for any literature so that you will have it in ample time to promote and observe the Octave. May we also suggest that you join the League of Prayer for Unity under the protection of Our Lady of the Atonement. By doing so you are able to gain many indulgences both plenary and partial and aid in the spiritual crusade of bringing souls back to the Unity of the One Fold. There are no dues and no name on this list is used for any appeal or promotional work. This is our promise and guarantee. We would like to see thousands more of the faithful enrolled in this League of Our Lady. †



Saint Francis

Continued from page 8

to the Holy Father was his seraphic love for Christ.

We Catholics may never have a chance of expressing our love and loyalty for the Holy Father by shouting to him, "Viva il papa!" We may never have the same opportunities which St. Francis had. But we can still be just as loyal and loving as those who have a personal contact with the Holy Father. We can obey and respond to any requests which he makes of us. We can support our parishes. But most of all, we can live good and exemplary lives that will show non-Catholics that our love for the Holy Father is immeasurable and our loyalty to him is steadfast. †

Choir Sang Allelulia

Continued from page 13

checked and stomping the snow off their boots; the fire crackling warm and crimson; the happy carols; the tramp through the icy clear and silent streets to Mass; the stars winking in the deep blue sky.

It was incredible to think it all gone, bit by bit, until now she was alone. Oh there were her married brothers, but busy with their own growing families now, grown apart, distant. There had been the boy she waited for and the golden promise of the future. The newspapers at the time had said it was a cheap landing, but when he fell under a North Korean bullet at Inchon she had felt it was very dear indeed. She had tried to bury it all, forget it in this teaching job in an obscure Texas town about as far from New England and its memories as anyone could get.

And in a way it had been all right. Until now. Until tonight. Until this sudden mad impulse to find her way back across the land to Vermont to some kind of a new start, to some kind of a symbolic burying of the five years mourning. But now in the plane seat she was afraid again, afraid of the onslaught of memories that this return home would bring; half mindful to turn around at San Antonio and go back.

She looked out of the window into the gloom and the rain pelted the glass. Silent Night, she thought, Holy Night.

In the cabin of the storm tossed DC-3 the pilot wearily slipped off his ear phones, shook his head and turned to the co-pilot.

"No use," he said. "The tower at San Antone reports a 35 mile cross-wind and a ceiling of only 300

See inside front cover for details



At
Christmastime

Ask to see....

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ROSARIES AND MEDALS
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A gift that will be cherished for a lifetime is a religious item bearing this stamp of fine quality (CREED Sterling).

You will find many outstanding CREED items priced from \$2 to \$100 at your religious store. If you are unable to find the item you desire, ask your religious store to order it for you.

Ask to see a copy of the new CREED gift catalog at your religious store.

and closing in fast. A fine Christmas Eve and me with a compartment full of presents for Marge and the kids. Lucky if we get to San Antone by New Year's. Only thing to do is set her down at Ten Pines."

The co-pilot called San Antonio and the tower crackled back an acknowledgment of the change in plans. Then they called Ten Pines and arranged for the field's emergency lights to be lit.

"Well," said the pilot. "Keep her on course. I'll go back and tell the passengers that they'll spend their Christmas in a cow town a hundred and fifty miles from the big city."

He walked back into the cabin.

"I'm sure sorry folks," he said. "We can't make it to San Antone. We're landing at a town called Ten Pines.

Sure isn't much of a Christmas present but that's it."

"Christmas?" Luis asked. "This is Christmas?"

"Sure sonny," said the pilot. "Didn't you know?"

"No, senor. But Christmas is a very holy day, is it not senor?"

"Sure thing," said the pilot. "It's also a wonderful day."

"I know a lot about Easter," the boy said. "But about Christmas not very much."

The pilot looked at him quizzically, shrugged, glanced at the other two and went back to the cabin. The landing at Ten Pines took all of his skill but he hadn't thought it wise to advise them it might be risky. Jeanne was lost in her thoughts. Luis was pre-

Continued on page 20

OUR LADY OF

THE AIRWAVES

THE Ave Maria RADIO HOUR

DRAMATIZING THE

LIVES OF THE SAINTS

SEE YOUR NEWSPAPER

FOR TIME AND STATION

PRODUCED BY THE GRAYMOOR FRIARS ST. CHRISTOPHERS INN, GARRISON, N. Y.

Choir Sang Allelulia

Continued from page 19

occupied, softly humming and Don Herndon simply did not care.

The plane touched the rain soaked ground, bounced up in the air, touched and bounced again and then rolled to a stop. The pilot taxied up to a small, one story stucco building and the co-pilot in a yellow slicker let down the landing steps at the rear. Jeanne, the boy and Don Herndon ran through the mud into the building.

They stood just inside shaking off the rain. To their surprise the room, rather than looking like an air ticket office, had been stripped and several rows of seats installed. On a stand in the corner was a small pine tree, sparsely decorated. In the front of the room was a makeshift altar decorated with desert flowers. But the room was otherwise empty. Then the door opened and a man in a yellow slicker similar to the co-pilot's entered.

"Evening folks," he said. "I'm Rountree, manager here. You're gonna be here a while so make yourselves comfortable."

"Senor," said Luis, "Is there going to be a festival here?"

"Festival?" said Rountree. "Why this is Christmas eve, son. Ten Pines ain't got no church but we got a priest stranded here like you folks are so he decided to say Mass for anyone who can make it. Ain't gonna be many people here, 'cept us. Road's washed out."

"But Senor," said the boy creasing his forehead. "It is customary to give gifts to the Infant. I have no gift."

"How's that?" asked Rountree.

"I have nothing to give, Senor."

For the first time Jeanne Campbell really became aware of her surroundings and the others. She bent down to the boy.

"A gift does not have to be something real," she said. "Can you sing?"

"Si, Senorita," said Luis. "I sing."

"Well," she said. "Then you can sing the Christmas carol for the Mass and that would be a fine gift."

"No," said Luis sadly. "I know only one hymn. Allelulia. It is an Easter hymn."

Don Herndon scowled.

"Isn't there any place else we can go besides here?"

Rountree scratched his head.

"Highway's under three foot of water in places, Mister." Then he turned to Luis. "Come over here son and see the Christmas tree I fixed. Might even have a piece of candy on it you could have."

Continued on page 22

Graymoor In Japan

Conducted by Fr. Titus Cranny, S.A.

ST. FRANCIS MISSION CHAPEL. The smallest and poorest of all the Graymoor churches in Japan is the mission chapel of St. Francis of Assisi in the country village of Nakano. The little chapel is a "mission station" in the strict sense. Picturesquely located in a lovely green valley flanked on either side by mountains, Nakano (pop. 6,000) is the principal town of Tsukui County, whose 255 square miles is given to dairy farming.

The Friars came to Nakano in 1951 and made over an old factory which they named after the Poor Man of Assisi. They placed an altar at one end of the building and a cross over the entrance and installed a wooden floor where once stood knitting machines for making stockings and socks.

From the beginning the mission was not easy, spiritually or materially. Buddhism is a powerful factor in any rural community in Japan; it was and continues to be such in Nakano. While only a few people follow Buddhist doctrines or reverence them outwardly, Buddhism is part and parcel of their culture, tradition, and life. Thus the comparative fewness of Catholics, 62 in all, is not surprising. In fact, it is consoling that 16 adults are now studying Christian doctrine and more than 30 youngsters belong to the Sunday School and the Boy Scout Troop.

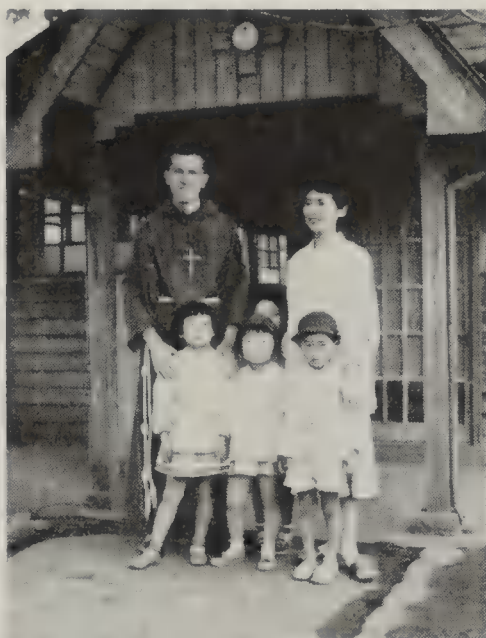
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St. Francis Kindergarten. The special pride of the Kakano mission and its

hope for the future is its government - accredited kindergarten. The Japanese people appreciate what the Church is doing for their children, for they have a special love for their youngsters. Daily from 8 a.m. until 2 p.m. the church is host to 61 brown-eyed blue-frocksed 5 year-olds, some of whom come by bus from distant vil-



Fr. Didacus spins some children on the merry-go-round some G.I.s donated to his kindergarten.



Fr. Didacus with one of the teachers and a few of the children in front of the chapel-kindergarten in Nakano.

Washington D. C. in 1952. He volunteered for mission work in Japan the same year.

• • •

Influence at Home. The parents have told Fr. Didacus that the children never miss their prayers at home, even during the long summer vacation. They are beginning to realize that there must be something noble and good which motivates the Catholic Church in such activities. Taking advantage of their admiration and appreciation, Fr. Didacus has invited the parents to a series of lectures in the teachings of the Church. We ask your prayers that these talks may be fruitful in bringing many into the One Fold. Pray that Graymoor's rural mission in Nakano may bear abundant fruit and bring many souls to the peace and joy of Christ.

• • •



The chapel organ does double duty, when the teachers lead the children in singing.

lages. School begins with morning prayers, the youngsters kneeling upright and solemn-faced, as they pray the Our Father and the Hail Mary with their teachers and sing their little hymns. Morning prayer is never omitted, nor blessings at meals, nor final prayers before dismissal. Each week Fr. Didacus Colton, S.A., the pastor, gives a simple talk about God and religion to all. Fr. Didacus is from Portland, Me. and was ordained in

A FINAL PLEA. For a long time the Friars have hoped to erect a decent building in Nakano to replace the old stocking factory which has done double-duty as chapel and kindergarten for the past six years. We wonder if there aren't some good people among our LAMP readers who would like to adopt Nakano as their own mission. With their financial help we could erect a chapel and kindergarten to accommodate 100 children and we are confident that there would be a corresponding increase in conversions. Won't you assist us by making a contribution toward these much needed buildings in this remote mountain village in far-off Japan?

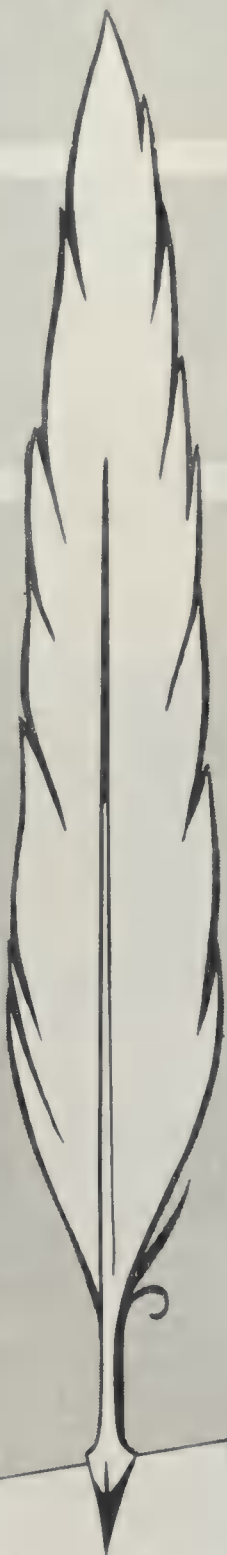
**EDUCATE a worthy boy
for the Holy Priesthood!**

**COOPERATE with a
struggling missionary!**

**PARTICIPATE
in God's holy work!**

You CAN satisfy the charity burning in your heart to do all of these things. Perhaps, in justice to yourself, you feel that you cannot do them right now. But by remembering the Graymoor Friars in your will you can accomplish all this and share in the rewards promised by Christ. Keep alive the Christian tradition of real charity by sharing something with Christ, Our Blessed Lord and Saviour

Here's How: Merely insert in your will:
I give, devise, and bequeath to the Friars
of the Atonement, Inc., Graymoor, Garri-
son, N. Y., the sum of _____



Choir Sang Allelulia

Continued from page 20

Jeanne and Don stood alone awkwardly saying nothing.

"What was your destination?" Jeanne asked timidly.

"Nowhere," said Herndon, then seeing her look of surprise he added, "I didn't mean to be rude. It didn't matter, is what I meant. San Antonio, L.A., London. All the same."

"Oh come now," she said. "You're joking. Cheer up. It's Christmas eve."

"A day," he said grimly. "That I have come to hate."

"I'm sorry," she said, hurt this time. She turned away.

He crushed a cigarette under his foot. Then on impulse he walked over to her.

"Please," he said. "I don't usually bother to explain but it is something deeply personal with me. Christmas is for people who, well, who have other people. I'm alone."

"A lot of people are alone," she said in a half whisper. But they celebrate Christmas. Somehow."

Her tone and her earnest young face touched him strangely.

"It's not just that it's . . ." He paused, his eyes bleak.

"Well okay, I'll tell you. I'm tired of carrying it on my back. I had a business importing, in New York. Quite large. A hundred people. And a partner whom I trusted and loved like a brother. To make it real short, he absconded with everything. On Christmas eve. Left me holding a hundred thousand in unpaid debts. I couldn't face it. I came down here and started another business, worked like crazy. I've almost got enough to go back and pay off 100 cents on the dollar. So . . ." He spread his hands out in front of him. "That's how it is."

"I see," she said softly.

"Do you?" he asked harshly. "How could you? How could anyone? Do you know that technically I'm a fugitive? Do you know what it means to work so hard for something and see it smashed?"

"Yes," she answered. "I saw my dreams smashed too and like you I ran away from it and hid down here. Only tonight I decided I had to face it."

"A love affair?" he asked, but some of the bitterness had gone out of his voice.

"Yes," she said and told him simply and briefly. At that moment the boy came back.

"Now," said Don. "It is your turn to tell your story."

Continued on page 26

By the Light of the Lamp



PURGATORY . . . Would you please answer a question for us? Tell us all you can about Purgatory. A relative is becoming involved with Jehovah's Witnesses. They tell him there is no such thing as Heaven, Hell, or Purgatory. They show him their Bible and tell him it is the same as ours and that it doesn't say anything about Purgatory.

Not everyone who dies in the state of grace is fit to enter the Kingdom of Heaven at once. Some are burdened with venial sins.

It would be against the justice of God to allow these people who have died with venial sins on their souls to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven because according to Holy Scripture nothing defiled shall enter therein. At the same time it would be against the justice of God to send these souls who have committed only small sins to hell. Hence, there must be a middle state in which the holy souls are cleansed of their venial sins before they can enter into heaven. Now, that is all very reasonable and sensible.

The trouble with your relative is that he is looking for the *word* Purgatory in the Bible. He won't find it because it's not there in that particular word. But the teaching about Purgatory is.

The strongest text concerning Purgatory is: 2 Machabees Chapter XII, 43. In that particular place, the Bible describes how the leader of the Jewish Forces took up a collection and sent the money to the Temple at Jerusalem to have the priests pray for the repose of the souls of those who had died in battle. And the Sacred Writer added "It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they might be loosed from their sins."

In the New Testament Our Blessed Lord says: (Matthew Chapter XII, Verse 32) "Whosoever shall speak against the Holy Ghost it shall not be forgiven him neither in this world nor in the world to come." "The world to come" plainly means life after death. Hence, according to Our Savior's own testimony, there must be some sins that are forgiven after death.

Your relative forgets, too, that our Holy Religion is based not only on

the Bible but on the Bible and tradition. In other words, from the written account in the Bible and from the traditions that have been handed down from the time of the Apostles.

From the earliest time the Church taught the doctrine of Purgatory, and from the earliest times prayed for the dead that they might be released from their sins and might enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

BISHOPS AND ARCHBISHOPS . . . What is the difference between a bishop and an archbishop?

A province is a territorial division of the Church which is made up of several dioceses and one archdiocese.

A bishop is the ruler of a diocese appointed by our Holy Father the Pope and given authority at that time. The authority of a bishop is limited to his own diocese.

An archbishop is the bishop of an archdiocese who has limited authority over the bishops of the several dioceses in his territory or province.

DECEASED NON-CATHOLICS . . . A very dear friend of ours who is a non-Catholic just lost his mother. Would it be possible to have prayers offered up for the repose of her soul?

You certainly can pray for a deceased non-Catholic so that God may release her soul from Purgatory.

If you will take a look in your LAMP you will see an advertisement there for our Purgatorial Society. The certificate of enrollment is very beautiful and can be given without offense to non-Catholics.

You may also have private Masses said for the repose of the soul of a non-Catholic. However these Masses cannot be announced from the altar.

Many non-Catholics have the idea that other things are sinful too, which in truth are not. For instance it is not a sin to dance, decently and respectably, but it is a sin to dance immodestly; it is not a sin to gamble, but it is a sin to wager too much money so that one's obligations are neglected.

Possibly your non-Catholic friends

might begin to perceive this when they see ads for liquor in a religious paper. Consequently I feel that you would be wrong in hesitating to give these papers to your friends because of the ads.

SAINTS . . . Who was St. Finbar?

He was an Irish abbot of Wexford. His feast is July 4.

Who was St. Ferdinand?

There are several. St. Ferdinand III of Castile and of Leon. He fought against the Mohammedans and founded the University of Salamanca. He died in 1252 and his feast day is May 30.

St. Ferdinand of Aragon. Feast June 27. He was a Bishop.

Blessed Ferdinand, an Augustinian. Missioner first to Mexico and then to Japan where he was martyred in 1617. Feast day June 1.

Blessed Ferdinand of Portugal. A soldier who died of neglect as a captive of the Moors in 1443. Feast day June 5.

Is Elmo a saint's name?

Yes. Elmo is the abbreviation for Erasmus, a Bishop martyred under Diocletian. His feast is June 2.

Is Doralise a saint's name?

Yes. It is an alternate form for Dorothy. St. Dorothy was martyred under Diocletian. Feast Feb. 6.

ROSARY . . . Is there such a thing as a Franciscan Rosary? If so, what's the difference between a Franciscan Rosary and the regular one?

A Franciscan rosary consists of seven decades in honor of the seven joys of the Blessed Mother: the Annunciation, the Visitation, the Nativity, the Adoration of the Magi, the Finding of the Christ Child in the Temple, the Resurrection of Our Lord, and the Coronation of Our Lady in Heaven. The regular rosary consists of 15 decades, although it is customary to say one-third, or five decades, each day.

JESUS, MARY, AND ANTHONY. The apparition of the Divine Child to St. Anthony is sometimes pictured in such a way that it is Our Lady who presents the Infant Jesus to him. Such paintings are symbolical of the saint's devotion to Mary and of his attaining the union with Jesus through His holy Mother.

STUDENT'S PRAYER. O glorious St. Anthony, divinely endowed with the science of the saint, I desire to place my studies under thy protection. Guided by thy example, I wish to draw all my knowledge from the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. With thy aid, I will study in a spirit of penance and with a pure intention. May the Father of Light grant me, through thy intercession, a clear intellect, sound judgment, and retentive memory. Assist me to study perseveringly in order that I may develop the gifts which God has endowed me and use them according to His divine will. O dear St. Anthony, help me to succeed in my studies and examinations if it be for the greater glory of God and the good of my soul. Amen.

ST. ANTHONY AND THE DIVINE CHILD. During the holy season of Advent when the Church looks forward to the coming of the Saviour, and during the Christmas season when our attention and love is focused on the Infant Christ, we should ask St. Anthony to deepen our love for the mystery of the Incarnation and appreciate the holy feast days of the Divine Babe, not only at Christmas but the other beautiful festivals as well: The Circumcision, the Holy Name, the Epiphany. Only by being childlike ourselves can we appreciate the mystery of the Divine Child.

IN PADUA. In this city of St. Anthony the basilica is hemmed in on all sides by stores, houses, apartments, and courtyards. One might be quite near the church without realizing it. To the Italian folk the name *Santo* used for St. Anthony means more than a name. For them he is a preacher, a teacher, a Paduan who was their very own.

PRAYER FOR CONFESSION. O powerful St. Anthony, thy zealous words drew many hardened sinners to the sacrament of Penance. Behold me, a poor sinner, earnestly desiring to rise from sin. As the wonderful restorer of all that is lost, I beg thee with my whole heart, dear Saint, to help me recover by a good confession the grace which

At St. Anthony's Feet

I have lost. Reconcile me with thy beloved Infant Jesus Whom I have offended; beg Him to cast His eyes of mercy upon me, and take me into His favor again, that I may begin to serve Him anew. Amen.

THE SAINT OF SOULS. "Come down to where the River Bachiglione flows—through and around Padua. Here in the days when certain men were hard-hearted—just like Giuseppe the Communist is today—and would not listen to Christ's holy gospel, the fish listened to the Saint. Follow the river as it flows through the fields rich with wheat, golden with hay. Here, in these same fields, that big, simple but holy ox worked, the same which knelt before the Sacred Host when the Saint told him that the Host is Our Divine Saviour, God's Son.

"The saint is not the only great one in Padua, but he is the greatest of them all. The others made beautiful things with their hands, provided, of course, that they had beautiful things in their heads. But the Saint—he had beautiful things in his heart and with the words of his eloquent tongue, he told all Paduans how they too should have beautiful things in their hearts.

"No, nobody can deny that the greatest of all the great ones in Padua is the Saint." (Fr. Emil Krancewicz, OFM Conv.)

THE BEST WAY to find St. Anthony and Giotto, the famous artist, is to walk to Padua. Walking is conducive to singing, for a man who walks 20 miles must sing to ease his aching muscles and to distract his mind from the miseries of the road. Only in song can St. Anthony and Giotto be best understood.

TEACHING POWER OF THE LITURGY. "Any true devotee of St. Anthony cannot ignore the example and teaching of the Saint. Every true devotee of the saint will strive to appreciate and learn from the liturgy. In the school of the liturgy we learn to avoid errors in thinking and doing. St. Anthony directs us to use it.

"When he set about his written work called the *Sermones* (Sermons) he arranged it entirely around the liturgy. That a teacher and preacher should follow the liturgical year in this work is wonderful but not particularly original. That each sermon should be built around the liturgy of

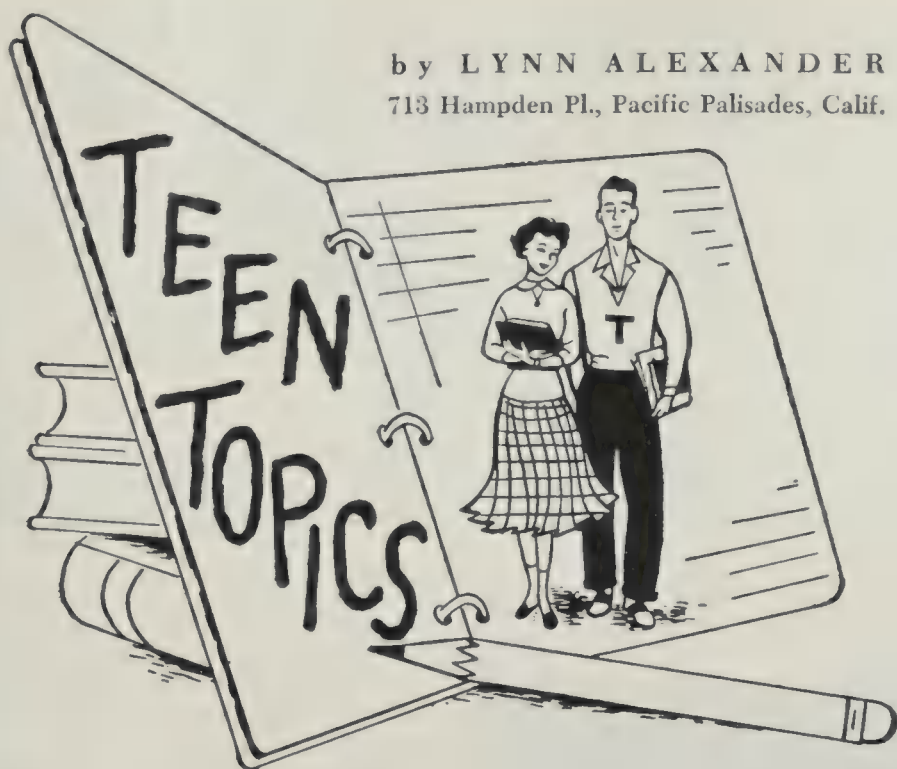


the day shows that the popular St. Anthony was a thirteenth century liturgist. His sermon suggestions are the introit, epistle, and gospel of the Mass plus the first nocturn lessons. Anthony himself calls them the wheels of a chariot that carry us heavenward as Elias was born to the heights." (Fr. Juniper Cummings, OFM Conv.)

LOVING THE CROSS. It is sometimes said that St. Anthony asked to be transferred from the Augustinian monastery at Lisbon where he had entered to Coimbra, so that he might not be so close to his relatives and friends. But one biographer adds another reason: "He who loved the images of the Cross and of Him Crucified, hastened to the place of the Cross (Coimbra), urged as he was by the highest Wisdom, to investigate the mysteries of the Cross, being a lover of perfection and internal peace, and a conspicuous devotee of the Cross." The saint says that all the faithful bear the mark of the Tau cross (T) on our brow, the memory of which keeps us from sin and helps us to contrition.

Souls more advanced in the spiritual life, make a bouquet of myrrh of the principle events of Christ's life and death. By constant meditation they foster true love for Our Lord. Anthony states that Jesus always bore the cross in the form of poverty, humiliation, work, travel, fatigue, and suffering. Even after His resurrection Jesus bears the scars of His wounds; so every Catholic must bear the Cross with Christ, both interiorly and exteriorly.

The saint died in 1231 while writing about the Cross of Jesus Crucified. †



by LYNN ALEXANDER
713 Hampden Pl., Pacific Palisades, Calif.

TRADITIONALLY, teens, December is our missionary month. It's the time of year when we turn our attention to these many courageous priests and Sisters who are following in the footsteps of the precious Babe. I like to think that our missionaries are part of the family. Actually, they *are* a part of our Teen Topics family. Each day of the world they are working patiently and unselfishly so that you and I might have a better world in which to live. So, it's really appropriate that at Christmas-time we should drop them a card or a note or even a small parcel, reminding them that our prayers are constantly with them.

Many have written to ask how Father Matthew Ramonell is progressing with the little poor Indian children in the hospitals. Father Matthew has been transferred but his work has been capably undertaken by Father Charles D'Lima. Here is the latest news to all of us from Father Charles.

"...Last week I saw what I hadn't expected for months. Cecilia D'Souza walked. A trifle unsteady on her feet, though she was helped by her brother. You should have been there to see the beaming smile on her face as she took those faltering steps toward the sunlit veranda. It made me feel fine inside. She has been in bed for the past six months. She was burned when she struck a match to light up the tiny kerosene lamp in her house. Someone had dropped kerosene all around the lamp when filling it. She no sooner had lit the match when there was a blaze

and the flimsy sari she had on caught fire like so much tinder. She was badly burnt. In the hospital she was put into bed and painted over with mercurochrome. She was placed under a tunnel-like structure so that the skin might have a chance to close. We had to find for her donors of blood each week. Thank God we found them. Soon she will be strong enough to move about freely. But her hands and legs are just skin and bone.

God bless you and all of the Teen Topics readers who have written and who have made possible a radio for the children's ward. I will certainly pray that Our Mother will bless all of you. Say a prayer for me from time to time.

Your friend in Christ,
Father Charles D'Lima
De Nobili College
Poona 6, India

From Brother Felix T. Perera in Ceylon, we are asked if anyone might have some extra cassocks and theology books. Writes Brother Felix, "I am unable to ask my parents because they have so many things to provide for our family of eight children. Many a night I remain sleepless thinking about it. I have prayed a lot too and I know somehow God will provide for my needs if it is for my own good." Brother Felix's address is: Our Lady of Lanka Seminary, Ampitiya, Kandy, Ceylon.

From Father Joseph Bernard Perera, we have a request for used copies of "The Pope Speaks." His address is Oblate Scholasticate, Ampitiya, Kandy, Ceylon.

In North Wales, Sister Malone at the Convent, Holyhead, Anglesey, North Wales asks that Anne McCracken, age 11, write to her again, since she misplaced the envelope and the letter bore no return address. When writing to the missionaries, teens, be sure to print your name and address on both the letter and the envelope!

From Africa comes this grand letter from Brother Venard Blais who has been in our Teen Topics family for many years now:

"...Last year we had floods; this year we have almost a drouth. But actually, there is just enough rain to make the garden grow. We hope to harvest about a ton of rice, as much or more of corn and beans. These are the staples. Besides that we will have a large variety of vegetables and fruits for our own use and for our boarding school boys. The oranges are ripening, as also the tangerines. We had a wonderful crop of pineapple this year, some of which I canned. Pineapple upside down cake graces the table once in awhile. Our "boys" as the servants are called, love cooking and it has been easy to teach them a number of American dishes, such as pies and cakes, which the German Benedictines had not taught them.

I could ramble on about the garden as that is my pet job. But I have so many other jobs that I can't spend the time at gardening that I would like. By the way, tomorrow I am going to make dill pickles with cucumbers I grew from seed brought from America by the latest addition to our staff: Brother Paul, a big amiable Brother who joined the society only a couple of years ago at the age of 32, the same age I joined.

We both feel that we lost many years that could have been spent profitably in serving the Lord. However, I believe that we have more reason to be *grateful* to Our Divine Savior for our vocations than those who obtained them earlier than we did. Certainly Our Lord had to do more pulling and hauling and pushing to get us out of the world than He has to do with the younger men.

Sometime if you get a chance, would you mention our pressing need for old clothes? Our people are dressed in rags. I have never seen such poverty as we have here. Also would any of your readers have tops, jigsaw puzzles, balls, checkers, etc for our boarding school boys? They

Continued on page 26

Teen Topics

Continued from page 25

have no toys whatever except a couple of footballs which we have a hard time keeping in working condition. It would indeed be discouraging at times were we not sustained by the knowledge that Our Lord and Our Blessed Mother and our patron saints are all working with us at our elbows."

A beautiful glimpse into the life of Brother Venard. . . . If you would like to write him, his address is: P.O. Box 7, Tunduru via Lindi, Tanganyika, East Africa.

Again from India is an appeal for your used Christmas cards. The first is from Mother Jeanette who writes "We have a shipload of very rich merchandise: the lame, the sick, the blind, the hungry, the abandoned, the crippled, the old, the young, and the Godless." Address: St. Philomena's Convent, Poonthoray, Trivandrum 8, Vallakadavoo, South India. The second is from lovely Mother Mary St. Madeleine, St. Joseph's Convent, Shillong, Assam, India.

From the Philippines we have received two interesting letters asking for used Catholic literature. The first is from Sister Mary Anthony, St. Columban Sisters, Malasiqui, Pangasinan, Philippines and the second is from Mr. Pedro N. Santos, Immaculate Conception Seminary, Vigan, Ilocos Sur, Philippines. I have personally met Sister Mary Anthony who is a tiny little nun straight from Ireland. She's a real doll! Also anxious for any college level books or any used literature is Father Joseph Sallas, St. Xavier's College, Ahmedabad 6, India. It's a mite difficult to run a good Catholic college without adequate books!

From New Guinea comes the following letter: "... Here I am starting a school with 20 little boys and girls from surrounding villages. The school lacks everything—maps, pictures, teaching aids and class books. If among the Teen Topics friends some could be found to help me in the smallest way, I would be ever so grateful.

Reading your address made me think that we are right on the shore of the Pacific too. About one hundred and fifty miles west of Port Moresby. The London Mission Society has been established here all along the coast for many years before we came. So naturally these primitive people fail to see the neces-

sity of changing over or adopting the Catholic Faith. The apostolate has few consolations. Only a few school boys have been baptized so far. As for the girls, they want to get back to their village life at twelve or thirteen. I am teaching in English, of course, and would be particularly grateful for some books dealing with the Method and Theory of Education and English for the lower grades. We are only two Sisters here on this faraway place. . . ." Sister M. Beatrice, Catholic Mission, Orokololo, Ihu P.O., Vialala River, Port Moresby, Papua, New Guinea.

A voice in the wilderness calling us, teens. . . .

This year I hope all of us will adopt the *real* Christmas spirit in our



lives. Christmas may be crass and commercial for some. But certainly not for those of us who know in our hearts the real meaning of the birth of our Lord! †

Choir Sang Allelulia

Continued from page 22

"Pardon, Senor?"

"Here we are three strangers trapped in a prison called Ten Pines and we each must tell what crime brought us here."

"But I commit no crime, senor." Luis said.

Don laughed. The sound had an unfamiliar ring, like a bell not often rung.

"Well then," said Don. "Tell us who you are and where you are going."

Luis looked around the room carefully. "You are my friend?"

"Of course," said Jeanne. "Of course we are."

"You no turn me in?"

"Another fugitive," said Don. "No we won't turn you in."

"Okay, Senor. My name is Luis. My mother and father have farm, way back in the hills, in Mexico. Then a bad disease comes. My mother she is taken to heaven. Then soon my father he is taken to heaven also. People in village want to send me to home. They sav no relatives. So I tell them my aunt she is in San Antonio. So they take up collection buy me ticket and here I am."

"You poor lad," said Jeanne. "You poor, poor lad. We had better telephone your aunt or she will be worried."

"No do that, senorita," said Luis.

"Why not?"

"No aunt."

"You mean there was no one there waiting for you at San Antonio?" Don asked in amazement.

"No, Senor. I am a strong boy. I get work, become an *Americano*, get very rich."

Don Herndon sat there for a long while silently and Jeanne studied the floor unable to meet the boy's gaze.

"You will not turn me in?" asked Luis, fear in his eyes again. "You promised."

"Yes but. . ." said Jeanne but she did not go on.

"You know," said Don. "His story makes me feel somehow ashamed. And it is the first genuine emotion I have felt since the Christmas Day I came here."

"I know," said Jeanne. "He makes me feel the same way. All of a sudden my problem doesn't seem as big or important any more."

"Look," said Don. "There is no telling what will become of this boy when he reaches San Antonio. Supposing we. . . well I mean if you don't mind. . . we get him some things. Some presents. I mean Christmas is for kids, isn't it?"

"No, Senor," said Luis. "Priest teach us Christmas is for everybody. He said it was a time when God began life. Then we should begin life also. This I do not understand but the Padre said it. Perhaps he mean like the new life I begin in San Antonio as an *Americano*."

"A new life is easy when you're ten years old," said Don.

"You know, Senor," said Luis. "I was thinking. This is like the picture of Christmas. A little house here in the middle of the desert. This is like the picture the priest showed us in a book. A very nice book."

"Strange," said Jeanne. "I was thinking that this is not like Christmas down here, not like home, like Vermont. But I guess the first Christmas was in a climate something like

Continued on page 28



by John Patrick Gillese

HOW OLD IS MAN?—After all the wild guesses I've heard about the age of man—how long he has been wandering around the earth—I was both startled and refreshed to find the *Reader's Digest* (August, 1957) placing modern man on the earth about the same time as Niagara Falls! Experts from Yale, using atomic calculators, say the famous Falls are about 10,000 years old, which, says the *Digest*, "makes the rise of *Homo Sapiens* even faster and more spectacular than anybody had believed."

Considering that we have records of civilizations considerably earlier than the Egyptian (those unlocked by the famous Rosetta Stone, for example), and considering the accuracy upon which the *Reader's Digest* prides itself, you might almost say we possess a fairly reasonable history of the full story of mankind. More interesting, is it possible that modern science will have to give up its long search for "the missing link"?

CHRISTMAS—You could ask a thousand people to write down their impressions of Christmas, and probably no two of them would turn in similar papers. To the toy manufacturers, Christmas is one thing. To bus drivers, bucking traffic on icy streets, unloading mobs of people and taking on others, it is, possibly, a strain beyond belief. It means aching shoulders to the mailman; frantic, last-minute shopping to mothers; standing in a long line at the postoffice, to fathers; looking forward, with lit-up faces, to the children. . . .

There we can pause. Children alone are filled with the universal truth of what Christmas is all about. Rare is the little boy or girl whose whole being is not lit up by the approach of Christmas. Even the priest in his sacred office may find himself dreading another four hours in the confessional, chilled by drafts from

the back door of the church. Parents, whose world would be unreal and awful if their children and Christmas Tree were suddenly snatched from them, become so exhausted that, a week before Christmas Day comes, they wish it was over.

But it shouldn't be that way. Christmas, the birthday of Christ, was—outside of the Resurrection, which proved Christ Who He claimed to be—the happiest day for all mankind. God had come, in the fullness of time, not only among His Own, but as One of His Own—out of love, to redeem us from the sin of Adam, to make us, truly, co-heirs to heaven. No one can exhaust the mystery of it.

Like everyone else, my wife and I have "suffered" through the commercialism of many a Christmas. We have seen the emptiness of a feast day when the One in Whose honor it all began was not even mentioned, nor invited into heart or mind. We have found ourselves very weary, very much in debt, very tired of the social revelry that so marks Christmas Week, that the 25th of December is almost an anti-climax. And little by little, as we advanced in our chosen state in life, we have changed it enough so that it brings us the richness of spiritual and physical joy that it should bring to all.

If the tired mailman begins his morning with thoughts of the happiness he is bringing into many a home, he will, surprisingly, not be so tired when dusk settles down. If you go downtown to shop, enjoying the crowds and the marvellous displays, you will not need an aspirin when you come home. Don't fret as you stand in a line-up: just think of the hope that, with each Christmas, comes surging back into millions of hearts—not only here at home, but around the world, in countries where

even the lovely word has been banned.

Every Catholic, if he would know the riches of Christmas, should make the whole Christmas season, beginning with Advent, a spiritual feast. This means not only the soul-sweetening sacraments of Confession, Penance and Holy Communion, but constant meditation on the promise and the mystery of Christmas. Hand in hand with that should go actions in keeping with this Season of great spiritual riches—*little* actions, like homey talk with your family, kindness to strangers, deep charity to neighbors.

Men particularly can do without the orgies that so often pass for "office parties," the smutty talk and the heavy drinking.

KIRBY'S GANDER—Last August, the Ryerson Press, Toronto, brought out my first book, entitled "Kirby's Gander." It consists of more than 200 pages of stories about wild geese, great grizzlies, rascally coons, my own boyhood adventures in the Canadian outdoors. It's illustrated by Clarence Tillenius, the famous wildlife artist. It's got hard covers, of course, and a nice jacket; and it sells for \$3.95. I don't—believe me!—want to sell copies of it just because it's my book, but I think every person who enjoys wildlife and the outdoors, will enjoy this. (The lead story, about a lost bush-pilot and a great gander on a lonely lake, drew thousands of letters of fan-mail when it was first published in magazine form.) Should there be any reader wanting an autographed copy, I will be glad to oblige. To save the editor time and trouble, write me directly at 10450-144th St., Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. I recommend it particularly as a present for teen-age boys. When ordering, please be sure to enclose name and address—and do *not* send cash, it gets lost too easily!

WHEN SPRING COMES—It's been quite awhile since I said much about gardening in these columns, yet I firmly believe that any man who has not helped make things grow has missed much in life. (This goes more for intellectuals than others!) From my own garden last summer, we took enough raspberries, from a patch about 15 feet long and six feet wide, to feed the fruit-greedy family, as well as canning enough to last us until spring. In addition, my wife made the finest jam you ever tasted: there just is no substitute for berries grown in

Continued on page 28

See inside front cover for details

THAT ALL MAY BE ONE - **The Lamp** - 27

Mostly for Men

Continued from page 27

your own backyard and canned within an hour of coming off the bushes. Likewise, my two crabapple trees yielded an incredible harvest: there were more than a thousand apples on the two trees. The plums, too, were so weighted down that the fruit-laden boughs touched the garden earth. This is all the more remarkable if you consider that neither crabapples nor plums could be grown in my part of the world until a few years ago.

Now is the time, when winter keeps you indoors a lot, to plan a garden of your own come spring. You don't need a lot of

ground: simply enrich what little you decide to use. The digging is good for your body; the miracle of growth and the incredible burst of beauty that comes overnight in spring, equally wonderful for your soul. Despite the argument that, in dollars and cents, it doesn't pay to grow a garden in the city, don't be fooled. Garden-grown fruits and vegetables have a taste beyond all compare with what you buy in the store. And up here, where housewives pay 35¢ for a mouldy little basket of raspberries, we ate a basket per person per day, on the average, from early July until freeze-up. The only cost, if you can call it that, was in the picking.

SIMPLE PARLOR TRICKS—I don't do this too often, either, but a visiting priest friend showed me two simple little tricks that could be used to break that deadly "party silence."

No. 1. Take nine toothpicks and challenge someone to make 10 out of them, without breaking them. When he gives up, arrange the toothpicks to *spell* out TEN. ("T" requires one toothpick up, one across; etc.)

No. 2. Take six pennies and challenge your guests to make two rows of four each. Assured that it is possible, determined souls will spend as long as an hour trying. There's only one answer: a centre coin, surrounded by one on each side (which gives you three coins each way) and the last coin *on top* of the centre coin—which gives you four each way!

NOSTALGIA—I wonder, far from my boyhood haunts, if youths such as I once was, walk across the snowy fields and down to the frozen river, hoping to find a mink or weasel in a trap on Christmas Day? I wonder if the prairie chickens still roost on the trees and barns, when the winter world is hung with hoarfrost? Does the air still sing when you go flying down a snowy hill on newly-waxed skis? I wonder if the top crust of snow still looks like a mirror as you sleigh down-hill on a winter's night? Do country "kids" still walk to town, under a myriad-colored Christmas moon, to practice for the forthcoming school concert?

These are some of the things I shall tell my own children about this Christmas—and I'll try, too (even when cold reality has replaced sentiment!) to get outside and join them in winter play.

For now, may your Christmas be filled with the peace, security and happiness of the Holy Family at Nazareth. †

Choir Sang Allelulia

Continued from page 26

this tiny building. Perhaps it means something—we three who didn't know or have forgotten Christmas landing here together. Perhaps . . ."

Don looked thoughtful.

"Strange," he replied. "That's how I feel."

Then the door burst open and the pilot staggered in his arms full of packages.

"Bad news folks. We'll be here another day, maybe two. Freak storms all over the Southwest. No sense wasting these things. Got 'em for my wife and little boys. But somehow seems to me to be more important to use 'em here and now. Let's make it a good Christmas here at Ten Pines."

"I've almost forgotten how," said Don. "But I'm game."

Jeanne looked at Luis and then over at Don.

"The poor lad," she whispered. "What will ever become of him when we reach San Antonio?"

Don got up and walked around the room, to the tree, to the altar and then he stood gazing out of the window at the tiny airport light, on a tower at the end of the airport, a light that could almost be mistaken for a star, the only one certainly in that black sky that night.

"I'm a realist," he said at last. "I accept things for what they are. I don't believe in omens, luck, fate or anything like that. Yet even taking things for what they are it seems odd that we three should be so similar in the things we face and that we should all meet on this plane."

He walked over close to her and took her hand.

"There is a plane every day from San Antonio to New York. And one from New York to Rutland. Perhaps they will have one seat available. Perhaps even two. Or three."

Jeanne looked up at him for a long time. She didn't take her hand away but with her other hand she took Luis and held him close to her.

Roundtree came stomping in out of the rain.

"Folks the good Father made it. Nearly drowned but he made it. Guess I'll have to be the altar boy. I hope you're all Catholics 'cause we are going to have midnight mass here in five minutes. Like they say in the story, Merry Christmas and God Bless Us Every One. Now let's hear the choir."

Luis smiled for the first time that evening and if the truth were known for the first time in many long lonely

Continued on page 30

'go teach ye all nations'



The Graymoor Priest, in the footsteps of Christ, goes through the world winning souls for God's Kingdom. His is a satisfying life of high adventure that calls for deep charity and sacrifice. Young men of High School and College age are invited to join us in our noble, thrilling work.

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Graymoor, Garrison, New York

Please send me without obligation your literature in regard to:

☐ Priesthood ☐ Brotherhood Age _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____



GOD REST YE MERRY, GENTLEMEN (& WOMEN & CHILDREN TOO)

DURING RECENT HOLIDAY SEASONS, moves have been made by many earnest Christian laymen, working singly and in association, to "put Christ back into Christmas." Appalled by the growing emphasis they see given to the materialistic aspects of the feast, these men and women desire a public consideration of the true religious character of Christ's birthday and a private return to the spiritual ideal of celebration as exemplified by a proper observance of the Advent season, family attendance at Christmas services and the like. This valiant attempt to re-Christianize what sometimes seems to be a fantastic orgy (sponsored by the toy manufacturers of the world and produced by De-Mille) is most worthy and should be supported.

However, putting Christ back into Christmas and then taking Him out again December twenty-sixth doesn't do anyone much good, does it? It seems bad in several ways: first, it's a completely fruitless gesture unless the exterior ceremonies are indicative of interior reverence; second, there's a danger of smugness here for those of a slightly Pharisaical persuasion, and third, what's most important, it's a positive insult to trot out our trappings (not to be seen again till Easter) and to hurrah the Son of God for just one day... rather like bringing Grandma's picture from the attic for her visit, then putting it back with the other junk as soon as she's gone home.

I don't think for a moment that the vast majority of people... Christian or non-Christian... behave in this manner. The practice of heavy-handed hypocrisy is pretty much restricted to that unhappy group whose favorite adverb is "sincerely." Discounting all such Tartuffes, I think most people fall into one of two Christmas cate-

gories: those who sing "Christ is born in Israel!" and those who add "So what?"

Those who rejoice in rejoicing... that is, the solid citizens in the first category, have obviously been "putting Christ into" every day. That's why they're so glad it's Christmas. Naturally, they'll be at the birthday party, and they've brought appropriate gifts.

The cynical, the ignorant, the disenchanted... those who come, for whatever reason, under the heading of so-whatters aren't going to put Christ into Christmas no matter how many signs they see exhorting, because He just doesn't mean that much to them. Either they haven't heard of Him, or they haven't heard enough, or they've heard the wrong things, or they've forgotten. His birthday means no more to them than my birthday means to you... you may express a polite interest, but that's about all anyone could expect you to do... considering we've never met.

These Category Two people are really in a sad fix, and it behooves those in Category One to be kind, rather than to look down their collective nose at them. To them, Easter is a ham dinner and a hat; All Saints' is the day you clean the soap off the car windows, and Good Friday the time you can't shop from twelve till three. Some, as I say, are simply ignorant. For them the simple Christmas pleasures... why should the rich begrudge them? Some, the sophisticates, the indifferent, the bitter, are heirs to the soldiers at the foot of the cross, pursuing an engrossing game, eyes downward, touching-distance from a miracle. These have reduced rainbows to prismatic refractions, love to biology, God's mercy to their own harshness with themselves. They aren't suddenly going to be happy on Christmas, because they aren't in practice for it. For the sake of the

season, at least, good Christian men might look with lenient love on those to whom celebration is alleviation: nothing more, and usually a great deal less.

I have left out those who hate Christ. They are a very small Category, I hope. For them, Christmas must be a season in hell... love, gifts, hope, stars, the singing air, and everywhere, inescapably, a sound of bells.

Let's by all means put the representations of Christ back into the Yuletide. It would be a triumph of taste, not to mention religion, were reindeer holding cocktail glasses to be banished by law from Christmas cards forever. The *creche*, so long a favorite fixture of the parish church ought by all means to become the heart of home decorations for the season. The emphasis on gifts needs a difference of shading... from the value of the gift itself to the value of the person receiving it or giving it. Santa Claus should not be, as some would have him; the main figure on the Christmas stage, but neither should he be sent in disgrace to the wings. God is glorified in his saints: if we select and dispense gifts in the spirit of Saint Nicholas we increase, rather than lessen the honors we pay the Christ-child.

As for making certain each person welcomes Christ's birthday in the proper way... let's start planning next year's program around January, or even sooner. "So what?" is, after all, a question. Those who know must answer it.

STICKS AND SCONES...

... may break your bones, but not if you use the recipes below. Since there's lots of talk about Christmas dinners, Christmas parties, Christmas suppers, I decided to give you two favorite ingredients of Christmas breakfast... some *very* rich and eggy scones, and a long, coffee-cake thing we call a Streussel-Stick. As follows:

Dissolve in 1 cup lukewarm milk
2 yeast cakes
Stir in
1 cup bread flour
Allow this dough to rise, covered, for about an hour. Now cream
1 cup butter
½ cup sugar
Beat in separately
3 eggs
1 teaspoon salt
The rinds of an orange and a lemon
Blend the risen dough into the sugar-butter mixture, beating steadily. Slowly add
3½ cups flour
Then, after five minutes of strong beating (I'm sorry... it can't be helped)

Continued on page 30

Mostly for Women

Continued from page 29

add citron, raisins, nutmeats, chopped gumdrops... whatever your family likes best, in volume up to 2 cupsful. Permit dough to rise, covered, for an additional two hours or however long seems necessary for it to double in bulk.

Divide the dough into three long strips, braid and shape, place braid on a greased cookie-sheet and bake half an hour at 325 F.

This is a lot of trouble, but worth it for company breakfasts. A simpler, equally pleasant chore is baking scones. Remember to serve these piping hot with tart jam and/or sour cream to spread:

My Own Scones

Sift 2 cups bread flour with
3 teaspoons baking-powder
3 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon salt

Use a pastry blender to add
¼ pound butter or margarine

Now beat together in a separate bowl
2 eggs
½ cup cream, evaporated milk, or half-and-half

Add the egg-cream mix to the dry ingredients as quickly as possible, with a minimum of beating. Handling with care, place the dough on a floured board and pat out, about an inch in thickness. With a floured knife, divide into rough diamond shapes. Sprinkle each scone with sugar and place on a greased cookie sheet in a hot oven, for about 15 minutes.

Incidentally, these *burn*. So a cautious look every now and then might be advisable. Also, they're not much good re-warmed so plan numbers accordingly. This recipe makes about ten good-sized scones... and be sure to allow for seconds!

Joyeux Noël, Buon Natale, Feliz Navidad, and see you next time!! †

Choir Sang Allelulia

Continued from page 28

evenings. He tossed his head back and in a high clear voice began to sing Christ The Lord Is Risen Today, Allelulia.

It had a real Christmas sound to it too. †

Crusade of Prayer

Continued from page 11

of France were setting aside a special day of prayer for England's return to the faith.

The enthusiasm with which the French greeted the prayer movement was soon equaled by the clergy and laity of other countries. The hierarchy of England, Ireland, Belgium, and Holland gave their blessing to the crusade, and in a short while the re-

ligious and lay people of these countries added prayers for the conversion of England to their regular devotions. Fr. Spencer's entrance into the Passionist Order in 1847 proved a further boon to this apostolic labor. Now as Fr. Ignatius, Passionist priest, he went on begging tours throughout Europe, seeking material aid for the Church's progress in England and at the same time eliciting prayers for the conversion of England. The humble priest, clothed in the Passionist habit, became a familiar figure in Italy, Austria, Hungary and the rest of Germany. He went before emperors and kings, and before ministers of state, and asked them to pray for the conversion of his country. He sought the Bishops in their dioceses, and the priests in their parishes, and religious in their convents, and the devout laity in their homes—and to all he gave the same message—"Pray for England: pray for her conversion." To the Supreme Pontiff of Christendom, Pius IX, whose approval he sought for the Crusade, he said, "... I am openly stirring the people of Rome to a third conquest of England. Rome conquered England once, under Julius Caesar, by the material sword. Rome conquered England a second time, more gloriously, under Gregory I, by the Word of God. I am calling on Rome to undertake this conquest again, under Pius IX, when it will be a vastly more important one than heretofore, and by means more glorious and more divine, because referring more purely the glory to God, being chiefly holy prayer."

By the time of his death in 1864 Fr. Ignatius' Apostleship of prayer had taken root in all the countries of Christendom. Though we cannot gauge the success of such an apostolate in terms of historical events, it is interesting to note that the Oxford Movement which brought to the Church such famous men as Newman, Manning, and Faber reached its peak soon after Fr. Ignatius instituted the Crusade of Prayer. The restoration of the English hierarchy in 1850 and the great tide of conversion that swept over England may well have been, in the designs of Divine Providence, the outcome of those united prayers that arose throughout the world for England's conversion. Be this as it may, the Crusade of Prayer for England's conversion is a tribute to the spiritual vision of Fr. Ignatius Spencer, C.P., a man who recognized the basic truth that conversion is the word of God, a work of grace, and all that man can do, is to invoke God by earnest prayer to stretch forth His saving Hand. †

Christmas Song

Continued from page 15

which finds its echo in Claudel's famous "Marching Song for Christmas."

In this poem he invites all children (for everyone must become a child to enter God's Kingdom) to join with him in his march to Midnight Mass.

Come, it is time to go. Children, are all of us here? He, in front, goes forward, like a troubadour of old:

Grasping my sturdy staff, I walk in front like a fiddler.

Singing with all my strength our marching song for Christmas.

This is the dawn of the day which marked his conversion. And, more than this, it is the great day from which the conversion of all Christians may be traced.

Outside it is clear and cool, with a cotton snow beneath the foot and above "a million twinkling stars," the brightest of which is the one hung over the holy Stable. Meanwhile, Caesar is busy taking his census, the Prodigal Son is enjoying himself at an inn, and Joseph, with Mary, is traveling from door to door.

Onward the marchers pursue their way until it is midnight and they enter the place where Christ is born. Like the Christmas shepherds, who once found their way from the barren hills round about Bethlehem, the marchers have little to bring the Christ Child. Drawn by the brightness of the divine Saviour and the heavenly chant of the angels, they move onward in eager haste. Far behind, in the houses of men, they leave their petty quarrels, their fears, and their dullness. Young and old, rich and poor approach the place where God dwells:

The roisterer who on a sudden recovers an innocent heart;

The man with the Croix d'honneur; the widow with wedding ring;

And the patriarch with the book of his life—the blotter against the last page.

And then, as the Mass begins, Claudel, the singer who will never forget the glorious Christmas of his conversion, enters, and gazes with eager heart. He, who has nothing that he has not received, beholds the Divine Presence. The world, which was a desert, has become white "with the dawn of a day which will end no more."

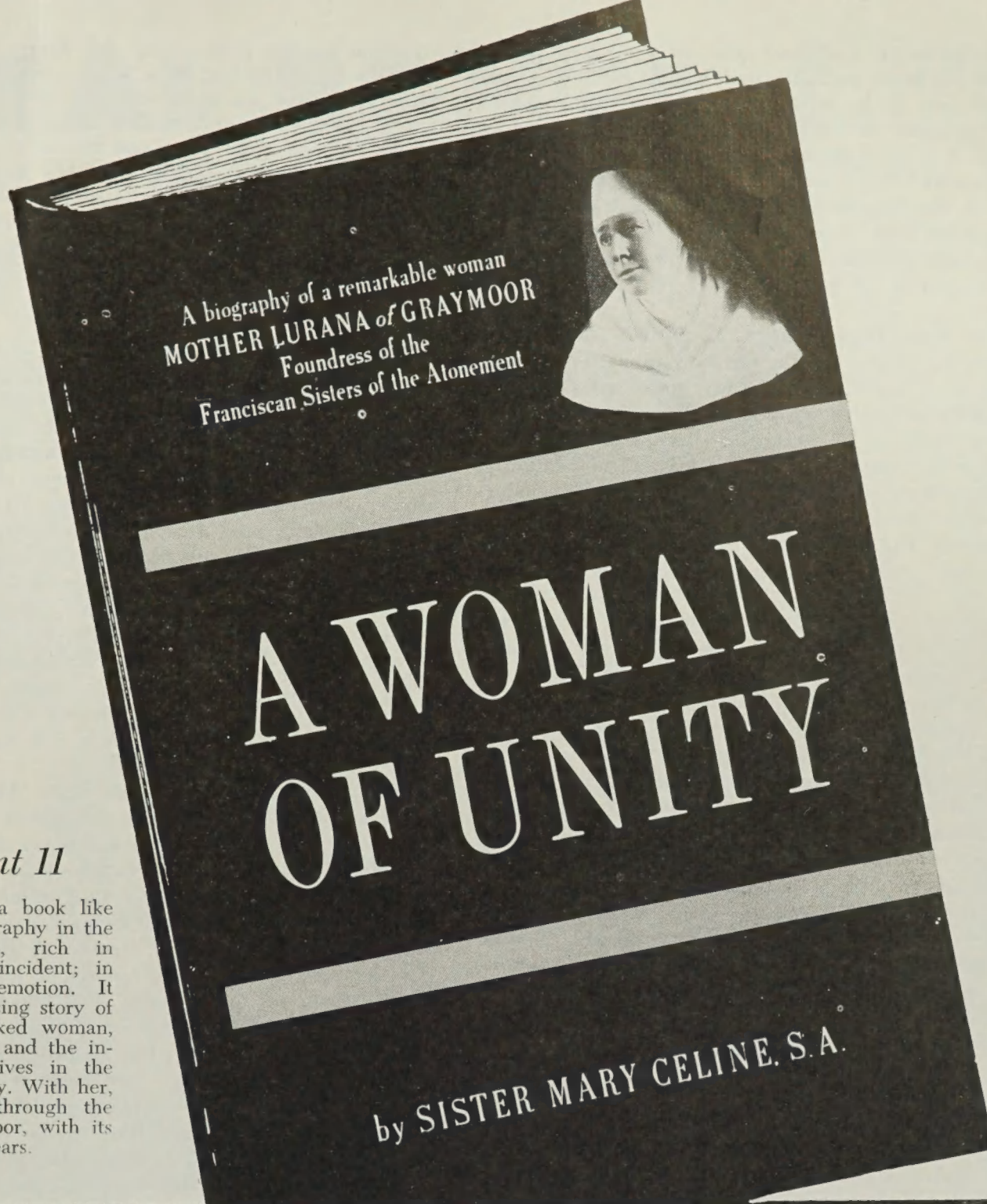
I dwell in divine bliss, like Joseph the carpenter,

Seeing beside me this Babe, Who is Christ our Lord

And Mary, our Mother, who says nothing and keeps these things in her heart... †

Installment 11

Rare today is a book like this . . . a biography in the great tradition, rich in character and incident; in thought and emotion. It tells the engrossing story of a strongly marked woman, of her conflicts and the intertwining of lives in the past half century. With her, you will live through the birth of Graymoor, with its laughter and tears.



Chapter 7—(Continued) That They All May Be One

Near the convent stood the open well, and, because the oaken bucket with its iron chain was rather difficult to manipulate, the Mother had given the Sisters in the kitchen directions to see to it that two zinc water pails, which stood on a bench beside the kitchen door, were kept filled by the wayfarers who repeatedly stood at the threshold asking for something to eat.

One summer day when the Mother herself chanced to be in the kitchen, there appeared at the open door a pilgrim, about thirty years of age, his bearded face unmistakably that of a Jew. There was a refinement and delicacy about him which differentiated him at once from the customary knight of the road, and this impressed Mother Lurana so much so that with her own hands she prepared his meal, actually cooking for him an egg, which in those scant days was an unusual luxury. After he had finished what had been set before him, the Mother called one of the Sisters to one side and whis-

pered: "Do not ask him to draw any water; he does not look strong enough."

In a few minutes the mysterious stranger who had not spoken one word departed, but in his going, this marvelous thing happened. At the time the Mother spoke to the Sister, the pails at the door were empty. She watched the man pass out into the road and on his way, and when again she looked, the pails were filled to the brim! No hand however dexterous could have filled them as well and set them down on the bench without spilling

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THAT ALL MAY BE ONE - *The Lamp* - 31

part of the water, and there was not a drop of water either on the bench or on the path leading to it. Was this the fulfillment of the saying of Saint James the Apostle, "And hospitality do not forget, for by this, some being unaware of it have entertained angels"; or was it even more than this? Was it a literal illustration of that famous saying of the Divine Master which Saint Francis of Assisi always took so much to heart, "Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me!"

One of these "least brethren," a Brother Christopher named John, stayed at the convent an entire winter, working as a handy man. He was a devout Catholic, very quiet and humble, so much so that Mother Lurana encouraged him to "aspire to the religious life in one of his own orders, preferably as a Franciscan lay brother." Far otherwise was Matthew the stableman of whom the Mother wrote, "Matthew went the way of all his predecessors! Up till now he had repeatedly declared that he had never tasted a drink!"

Then there was another visitor whom Father Paul had befriended because he pleaded poverty and starvation. Mother Lurana recorded: "An extraordinary affair occurred today. High tragedy or rather comic opera intruded upon our quiet existence. Just at the end of Vespers Mr. . . . opened the chapel door (he had been ill and was not present before) and then in a rather excited manner closed it. After the service, the Reverend Father and a visiting clergyman listened to his remarkable tale in the reception room. He claimed that he had been assaulted and his money demanded by two masked men with revolvers who entered the Friary while the Friars were down in the convent chapel for Vespers. He made his escape while they were ransacking the upper part of the house. He was in a state of terror, his coat slit down the back, collar burst open and the marks of violent hands on his throat!"

The account continued next day. "This morning Father tells me that the Friary upstairs fully carried out his tale; that things were taken out of the trunks and boxes and strewn on the floor or put back in a disorderly fashion. There was nothing taken belonging either to the Friary or to the visiting clergyman. The former does not possess anything of value, and the latter did not have any money with him. *Deo Gratias!* But Mr. . . . claims that the robbers stole from him \$100 (he had previously told us he was penniless), two watches and a valuable ring. The Friars are quite convinced of the truth of this remarkable tale—the Sisters, not at all.

"I asked Father if I might see this man, and suggested to him that for all concerned, in order to protect the Friary and to recover his money, we had better employ a detective. He acquiesced rather weakly, but was 'game.' Later in the afternoon the Father told me that he (Mr. . . .) was hurt at my remark, 'that he, being a Welshman, must be rather lonely over here and would he not do better in his own land.' He said he was so hurt he would leave this very afternoon, but Father persuaded him to stay until morning. Well, at about 6 p.m. Mr. Montrose, our carpenter, asked to see me on a very important matter. Having been shown into the reception room, he produced an old silver watch and chain and a ring done up in a rag and slipped into an empty cocoa tin. This, Mrs. Montrose dug up from under

a stone on the path up to the Friary, where a few months before he had seen Mr. . . . rush down from the Friary, remove the stone and peer in to look at something he had evidently hidden there. The ring was not even a proper gold plate and the most wretched blue piece of glass formed the valuable sapphire. So the mystery was solved! The robbed and the robber were one and the selfsame—Mr. . . . Father had him taken down to the Garrison railway station, by our handy man, who bought his ticket, gave him money for a night's lodging and put him on the train."

The Foundress inaugurated a series of Saturday afternoon playtimes and catechising for the children of the vicinity. These gatherings were held outdoors during the summer, atop a slight elevation called Saint Anthony's Woods. This is now the site of the Sisters' cemetery.

Mother Lurana reached out in every direction to aid souls, especially the souls of children. During the spring of 1905, she visited a home in New York to make arrangements for the adoption of a little girl in thanksgiving for God's wonderful graces to the Society. She ended by adopting two. "I went," she wrote, "to see if there was a little child whom God desired me to bring back to Graymoor to love and care for, for His sake. I found that children are so happy here and they also add to our happiness. It seemed a duty to take one of the many little lambs whom the Good Shepherd longs to place in tender arms."

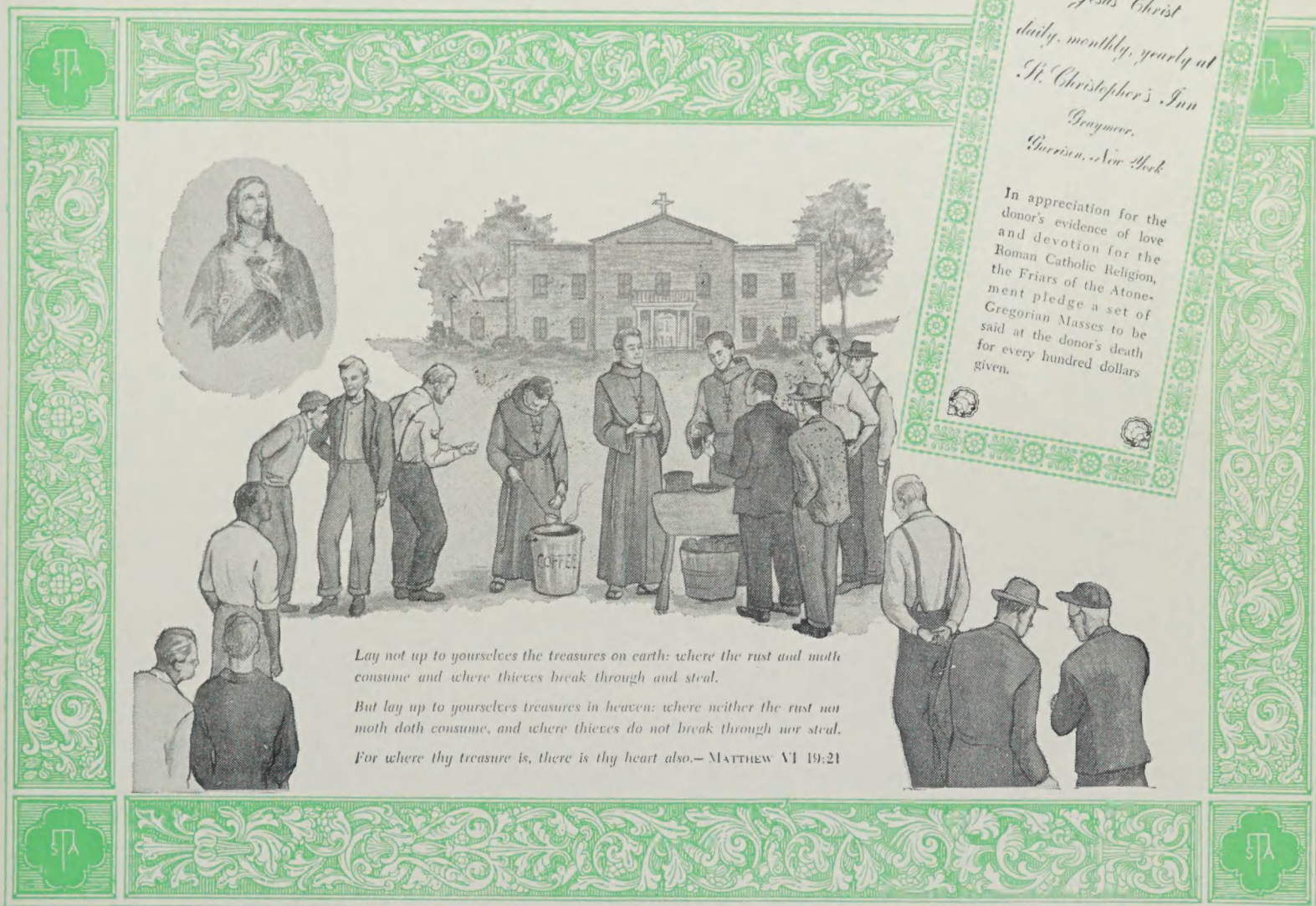
Florence Locke accompanied the Mother on this occasion. Of Miss Locke the Foundress could say, "It is always a joy to have our dear loyal daughter of the Atonement with us." The Mother chose a little French girl, Rene by name, who would, after spending her childhood and girlhood at Graymoor, take her place in the world. The other child, Irene, was the daughter of a German lithographer. Her mother, a Jewess, had died when Irene was quite young. This left her father with two girls and a boy to care for. For a time, he tried to keep his family together, but as they were so small, he found this an impossibility. The home was broken up and the children placed in an orphanage. In God's wonderful Providence, He arranged that Mother Lurana should meet little Irene on this particular day. When the Mother returned to Graymoor that evening, Irene and Rene were with her.

On the Feast of Our Lady of the Snows, August 5, 1905, they were baptized by Father Paul, Irene taking the name of Miriam, and Rene another form of Our Lady's name, Marie. When the Society of the Atonement came into the Church four years later, they were the youngest lambs to enter the Sheepfold. Miriam afterwards joined the Sisters of the Atonement and, as Sister Gabriel, S.A., was throughout the years that followed a great comfort to both Founders.

The sick throughout the countryside were often cheered by the visits of the Sisters and by their gifts of food and clothing; gifts which the Community had received from kind friends. In speaking of Christmas baskets, Mother Lurana said, "Boxes and still boxes! The Sisters drove up to the aqueduct shaft nearest us and made a collection for the Negro families. We are planning to have a Christmas tree and crib in Saint John's for them this year. I have 'done up' more Christmas boxes and packages than ever before. 'Freely we have received, freely give' is my motto for such giving!"

(Continued next month)

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Fr. Angelus Francis, S. A.

Graymoor, Garrison, New York

Superior General